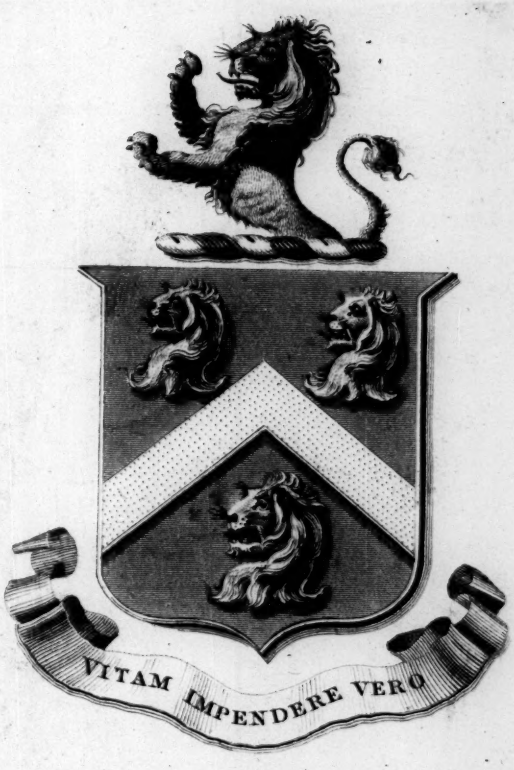

John Adolphus Esqre

THE PERIPATETIC;

OR,

SKETCHES OF THE HEART,

OF

NATURE AND SOCIETY.

BY JOHN THELWALL.

VOL. III.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE PERIPATETIC;

OR,

SKETCHES OF THE HEART,

OF

NATURE AND SOCIETY;

IN A SERIES OF

POLITICO-SENTIMENTAL JOURNALS,

IN VERSE AND PROSE,

OF THE

ECCENTRIC EXCURSIONS

OF

SYLVANUS THEOPHRASTUS,

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

VOL. III.

Me verò primùm dulces ante omnia Muſæ,
Quarum ſacra fero ingenti perculſus amore,
Accipiant.—— VIRGIL.

M, DCC, XCIII.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE PERIPATETIC.

——— Me goddeſs bring
To arched walks and twilight groves,
And ſhadows brown that Sylvan loves
Of pine, or monumental oak—
—But let my due feet never fail
To walk the ſtudious cloiſters pale— MILTON.

EXCURSION TO SAINT ALBANS.

THE PARTING.

"ADIEU, thou charming little paragon of conjugal tenderneſs! the happy partner of thy amiable heart—the conſtant companion of thy mental recreations, (and thou art little ſedulous of any recreations

3

in which the mind has not a part)—the guide and confident of every movement of thy expanding ſoul, bids thee awhile adieu! In queſt of health—in queſt of that beſt Wiſdom, which the contemplation of the works of the Creator is ſo calculated to inſpire, he goes for awhile to invigorate his imagination among thoſe rural ſcenes, whoſe beauties, through all their varied ſhades, can but recall to his enamoured mind the remembrance of thy image, and the delightful moral converſations which, among the diſtant woods and hills of ———, we ſome years ſince enjoyed together."

"Fie, fie," ſaid I, "Wentworth," dragging him from the door. "This is not like the language of a huſband!"—

"I am ſorry for it," replied he: "For myſelf, I feel it to be the language of the heart; and were the ſelfiſh prudence of diſguiſe and hypocriſy baniſhed from the probationary intercourſe of courtſhip, I cannot

cannot but ſuppoſe that others might more frequently ſympathize with me in this happy feeling. Were young people, from their firſt ſerious acquaintance, inſtead of exerting their ingenuity for each other's torment, kindly and candidly (while yet the ſpring-tide of affection might ſweep away, with ſo much eaſe, the perverſe obſtructions of juvenile habits, and half-confirmed propenſities) to cultivate the pleaſures and diſpoſitions moſt agreeable to each other, what a change in the domeſtic proſpects of life might we naturally expect: for ſurely nothing is more eſſential for the happineſs of thoſe ſeaſons which people wiſh to ſpend in each other's ſociety, than that correſponding taſtes and diſpoſitions ſhould lead them to the ſame pleaſures, purſuits, and relaxations. But, above all things, did they conſult their Reaſon, as well as their Senſes, in their choice; and not ſuffer themſelves to be led away by the fooliſh ſuppoſition, that the ſeaſon, the moſt important of all to their future happineſs (that I mean be-

tween their firſt acquaintance and their indiſſoluble union) is the only one in which precaution and *philoſophy* are improper and ridiculous, we ſhould then have more frequent inſtances of conjugal felicity.—We ſhould then have them carefully conſidering and canvaſſing the ſources from which matrimonial unhappineſs is ſo likely to be derived; and (the deluſions of romantic expectation being chaced away) by not expecting *more*, they might attain *all* the Happineſs which Human Nature is capable of enjoying; and exclamations, like that into which my feelings ſo recently hurried me, would no longer be conſidered as preternatural phænomena in the matrimonial hemiſphere. For my own part, I cannot help attributing a great part of the felicity I enjoy with the kind little creature, who had ſo chearfully riſen with the vernal Sun to prepare the early banquet that was to fit us for our intended ramble, to the frankneſs with which we were anxious not only to enquire into and to cultivate each other's diſpo-

ſitions,

ſitions, but to lay open to each other, in their ſtrongeſt point of view, the moſt unfavourable ſhades of our characters and tempers, and to prepare each other for the diſguſts and diſappointments inevitable to thoſe whoſe fancies are heated with ideas of *Divine Perfection, Congenial Sympathies, and Uninterrupted Bliſs.*"

Such were the reflections ("eccentric enough!" you will ſay, perhaps) of my friend Wentworth—of whoſe ſingularities the reader, in one of my digreſſions from the preceding ramble, has already had a little ſpecimen. Wentworth is indeed one of thoſe ſo much after the eccentric faſhion of my own heart, that it was impoſſible but that we ſhould occaſionally be falling upon the ſame projects, or be induced to join each other in the purſuits of pleaſure or vocation, which either might have marked out for the employment of his *leiſure*, or his *ſerious* hours. We had therefore determined on a few excurſions together; and as the moſt diſagreeable part

of a day devoted to pleaſure, is generally that which is ſpent, or rather waſted by the parties, in waiting for each other at the appointed place of rendezvous, we always cut this as ſhort as poſſible, by ſleeping alternately at each other's houſes, and ſtarting at once together. It had been, on the preſent occaſion, the turn of Wentworth to be our hoſt; and the party, beſides our two ſelves, conſiſted of Ambulator, and the philoſopher *Julian:* for ſo, on account of ſome little negligences in his perſon, and ſeveral more amiable reſemblances to the character and ſentiments of a very ſingular and extraordinary phænomenon, in the hiſtory of Roman Emperors, the circle of his familiars are inclined to call him.—As for poor Belmour, he was flown again, none of us knew whither. For a little while I had contrived to keep up his hopes, and his ſpirits; and his rational faculties ſeemed to be gradually unfolding again, as from the beginning of one to the latter end of another ſummer, ſometimes with a better,

and

and ſometimes with a ſlighter proſpect of ſucceſs, we had purſued, or rather ſought for the object of his wiſhes, in many a wild, and (but for the occaſional gloom of his mind) many a delightful excurſion. But hope at length was flown. Melancholy and Deſperation had again uſurped the dominion of his mind; and, eluding my anxious care, he fled:—to what deſperate fate I know not.

Poor Belmour! wherever thou wandereſt, may guardian ſpirits hover ſtill around thee, and ſnatch thee from the fate I dread; or may the ſame benignant genius that twice has led me to the ſcenes of thy wanderings, conduct me yet again to thy retreat, and give me the ſoothing powers of conſolation!—

But it is time to give the reader ſome inſight into the objects of our preſent ramble.

A RETROSPECT.

THE tomb of the good Duke Humphry, and the romantic walks in the neighbourhood of the majeſtic ruins of Gothic Superſtition that contains it, and which I had viſited in my boyiſh years, had impreſſed my memory with ſo many confuſed, but pleaſing ideas of reverence and curioſity, as frequently induced me to meditate, with conſiderable expectation, the repetition of an excurſion, a tenth part of whoſe pleaſures I was not capable of enjoying at that early period. The love of eccentric ramble, it is true, was even then an evident trait of my character; and though I was only in my ninth year, the taſte for rural ſolitude and meditation (of which I have already noticed ſo many inſtances) had become a ſettled attachment

of

of my heart, that frequently ſuperſeded the amuſements adapted to my years, and determined my attachments and purſuits:—

Me, from my infant years, the inſpiring Muſe
(Though by the mind's as yet unpractis'd ear
Not heard diſtinctly) oft would ſweetly wooe,
To meditate o'er Nature's varied charms,
And from the mute inſtructors of the grove,
The rugged heath, or mead, or cultur'd bower
Where richeſt Flora blooms, or where more wild
She flings her native ſweets with artleſs hand,
O'er brake or hedgerow, to imbibe the lore
That wakes each keen emotion's trembling glow,
And feeds the fervour of the Poet's ſoul.

Even then to wander penſive and alone,
" Beneath the precipice o'erhung with pine,"
Oft unperceiv'd I left the cheerful throng,
And ſtole, in lonely meditation wrapt,
Slow by the woodland ſide, at the ſtill hour
Of penſive Evening. Or when mid-day Sol
O'er the blue concave ſhot his gariſh beams,
Plung'd in the thickeſt labyrinths, dark, and wild,
I ſhun'd the unwelcome fervour. There full oft
Upon the moſſy relic have I ſet
Of ſome once tow'ring oak, whoſe writhing limbs
And giant trunk the woodman's ſounding axe
Had fell'd in days of yore, and left behind
A hoary monument—of power to wake
The deep drawn ſigh that mourns the tranſient date
Of Sublunary Greatneſs, and the fall

Of

Of high-aſpiring Virtue, that would tow'r
And ſpread its verdant honours o'er the realm
That gave it birth;—or to the liſtleſs arm
Of mournful Meditation to afford
A meet ſupport, what time, as Fancy prompts,
Muſing intent, the penſive head reclines;—
There ſeated oft, with forms etherial-plum'd
I held ideal converſe, or invok'd
The Genii of the woods, or call'd to mind
The winning tales of fairies, and of elves,
And wandering ghoſts, and hermits, and the train
(Magii, or incubus, or fiend) that throng
The Gothic legend, which the oral Muſe
(Vers'd in traditions old) had ſummon'd oft,
With mutter'd ſpell uncouth, to thrill the ſoul,
And with ſtrange raptures wing the winter's night.
Or if, by chance, low murmuring on my ear,
Ruſh'd the lorn cadence of ſome fretted ſtream,
Winding, and babbling, to the moſſy ſhore,
Even then I ſtole, the arching boughs beneath,
And traced, with ſilent awe, its mazy courſe;
Or, ſtretch'd at length, the viſionary power
Of Fancy from her airy cell ſublime
Woo'd to my infant ſide; in fabling thought
Heard to the plaining rill the minſtrels voice
Accord the mournful tale; or o'er the brook
My head propending ſhed the ſoothing tear,
Prophetic of the hovering Woes prepar'd
To blaſt my rip'ning years, to nip each joy,
Each ſmiling promiſe of my vernal youth,
And bring the untimely ſeer:—if tears ſo ſweet,
Of ſuch ſerene enchantment! of the woes
That gloom'd my rip'ning years, that envious nipp'd
Each ſmiling promiſe of my vernal youth,
And brought the ſeer untimely might be deem'd

Fit

Fit harbingers; or Superſtition's ſelf
Could turn warm Nature's fine-vibrating throb
To dreams of antic Myſticiſm, and form
From ſoft ſenſations of the thrilling heart,
A gloomy train to throng the peopled ſky.

O, wondrous Nature! O, myſterious law
And winning charm of rapturous Melancholy!
That, cauſeleſs, thus, can o'er the infant eye
Spread the dim ſoothing veil of ſemblant woe;
From ſombrous glooms, and ſounds of ſullen awe,
Can call extatic Rapture, and in tears
Bathe ſweeter joys than Laughter ever knew!

But whatever opportunities the ſcenery around St. Albans might have furniſhed for the gratification of this diſpoſition, there are other objects of attention in this part of the world which require, for their enjoyment, more hiſtorical information, and familiarity with the works, the progreſs, and decay of arts, than at ſuch an age could be expected. A ſolemn impreſſion, however, of reverence and devotion (which the Gothic ſtile of architecture is ſo calculated to inſpire) had ſunk pretty deeply into my mind; and I almoſt fancied I could yet delineate the principal entrance

entrance of the abbey, and the long and ſpacious ranges of many ſhafted pillars, whoſe avenues conducted to the tomb.

Theſe recollections were not, it is true, very accurate; for though the arches in general have the pointed oval form, and many of the pillars poſſeſs all the characteriſtic majeſty of that Gothic, or rather Saracen ſtile of architecture which I had pictured, and which I am ſo prone to admire, yet they are far from being uniform; preſenting, on the contrary, that mixture and confuſion of different orders, by which the remains of our ancient buildings are ſo generally deformed. The tomb alſo of the Duke of Glouceſter, inſtead of fronting the principal avenue of the building, is laterally ſituated behind the choir. But the ideas impreſſed on my memory by this venerable ruin, however imperfect and confuſed, were too delightful not to inſpire a wiſh for the repetition of thoſe impreſſions which had awakened them originally in my mind; and, having

once

once determined to devote ſome conſiderable portions of my leiſure to the indulgence of my inclination for eccentric perigrination, I preſently concluded that the ancient city of Verulam ſhould be one of the firſt in which I ſought the gratification of my curioſity.

PROCRASTINATION.

"IF the farmer and his ſon," ſaid the old Lark in the fable to her inexperienced young ones, "are determined to come and mow the field themſelves to-morrow, it is time we were on the wing:" ſo long as the execution depended on the aſſiſtance of other aſſociates, ſhe thought they were in but little danger.—The old lady of the ruffet plume was certainly a good philoſopher—a philoſopher of the beſt ſort; ſhe

ſhe had ſtudied, and underſtood mankind: for without indulging a diſpoſition (which I hate) towards myſanthropy, it muſt be admitted by every one, that the delays of every project are generally multiplied in proportion to the number of perſons upon which it depends for execution. And how ſhould it be otherwiſe, if every individual is alike liable to prevention, and the prevention of one is to be the diſappointment of the whole? If we aim, therefore, at independence, either in our pleaſures or more ſerious purſuits, we certainly ſhould lay our plans as much as poſſible for ſolitary execution. But there are ſome conſiderations, ſome feelings to which even Independency herſelf ought, in ſome degree, to bow. Solitary pleaſures have a tendency to beget a hard inſenſibility, a ſelfiſhneſs of heart, for which no degree of independency is a ſufficient compenſation. So ineſtimable, indeed, are the ſocial feelings, ſo ſuperior to all other pleaſures that can occupy the ſoul of man, that there is ſcarcely any inconvenience that it

is

is not worth while to pay the price of for their preſervation.

But to apply. I had mentioned my projected excurſion to the friends who compoſed our preſent party: an eccentric little knot, attracted by congenial taſte, and bound together by the ties of friendſhip, who had eagerly fallen in with my plan, and determined to accompany me. A day was accordingly fixed for our departure; but was not accordingly adhered to.—Whether it was, that mind and viſion were not to be regaled with ſo delightful a banquet, till the price of previous mortification had been paid; whether the partial deſtinies, ſeeing that the edge of expectation was rather too ſharply ſet, were kindly determined to prevent our chagrin, by rebating a little of its keenneſs; or whether it was ſimply the caſe, that our wrong-headed ſtars had ſo taken it into their fancies, and would have it, accordingly, for no better reaſon; or to whatever cauſe the penetration of ſuperſtitious fop-

pery

pery may think fit to attribute a circumſtance of ſo *much importance*; certain it is, that diſappointment trod on the heels of diſappointment; that what with the indiſpoſition of one, the thronging engagements of another, and the unexpected accidents that prevented the third, that which was intended to have taken place at the commencement of the Summer, was deferred to the cloſe of the midway ſeaſon; and we were in danger of beholding the fallow Autumn, with his ſhortened train of interrupted light, meditating over the fleeting proſpect of our unrealized pleaſures.

At length, however, the afternoon of our departure was fixed; the day was arrived; and three out of the four were in preparation for the journey; when, lo! the exertions of peripatetic philoſophy were again reſtrained in the adamantine chains of commercial neceſſity;—and we were obliged to delay our departure till the enſuing morning.

The

The fair reader, perhaps, who entertains her friends by the hour, about the diſappointments of a gala or a ball, and the ſober trader, who laments the ſlow returns of money he has not the heart to enjoy, may think that I have dwelt too long upon a circumſtance of ſlight importance. But, alas! ſuch is, I fear, the weakneſs of poor Humanity! that were we to ſift the ſorrows of mankind fairly to the bottom, the maſs of the diſappointments that imbitter life would not be found of much more ſerious importance; and the lamentations that bewail them would frequently appear to be equally bombaſtic, or ironical.

The ambition of the ſtateſman; the avaricious purſuits of the trader; the martial fury of the hero; the noiſy impertinence of forenſic diſtinction; the thirſt of monarchic and ariſtocratic power; nay, even the dazzling proſpects of poetic fame;—what are they all, though realized to our utmoſt wiſhes, but the favorite excurſions

excurſions of a ſummer's day, doomed to terminate in ſatiety and fatigue?—Virtue and Wiſdom are alone worthy of ſerious anxiety; and of theſe, there is but little dread of diſappointment, if we will but be indefatigable in the purſuit!—

But the hour of departure is at length arrived; the little party of vagrant philoſophers is aſſembled, the early breakfaſt is ſwallowed, and we are haſtening forward, with ſome degree of expedition, to the ſhrine of the once venerated Saint Alban; though not at quite ſo early an hour as we had deſigned; for our frequent diſappointments had damped, in ſome degree, our ardour. The ſun had riſen before the door was cloſed behind us, and at the time when, for the enjoyment of one the moſt beautiful phænomena of the univerſe, we ought to have left behind us the country retreats of cits and money-jobbers, and caught the firſt glances of rural nature on the brow of Highgate-hill, we were only croſſing the clumſy bridge of London, with the

the proſpect of having all the beauteous bluſhes of Aurora diſſipated from her cheek, before we had the opportunity of paying our devotions at her rural ſhrine. We did not, however, ſuffer our regret for what we had loſt, to rob us of the enjoyment of what remained; but ſtopped a few ſeconds upon the bridge, to admire the fretted gold that dappled a conſiderable proportion of the horizon, and which, ſhining behind the interſecting maſts and rigging of innumerous veſſels, glittering on the ruffled tide, and illuminating the windows of contiguous houſes, formed, altogether, an object not unworthy of entering into the compoſition of a landſcape, could the imagination be at liberty to contraſt it with the rude rocks and wild ſcenery that inſpire ſuch awful delight in the performances of Salvator Roſa.

DRYDEN.

DRYDEN.—SCRAPS OF CRITICISM.

"COME Sylvanus," ſaid Julian, breaking our long ſilence, juſt as we paſſed the boundaries of the town, "we are dull; have you no pocket companion that may relieve our imaginations a little, till we have paſſed this dull ſcene of ſtupid formality, and left this odious wilderneſs of houſes completely behind us."—I put my hand immediately in my pocket, and taking out a little volume of poems, began to read aloud ſome paſſages from the "Annus Mirabilis."

Whoever has read this poem of the immortal Dryden, with an attentive eye, muſt neceſſarily have remarked its inequalities; and will, of courſe, not be very much ſurpriſed at the interruption of my friend

Ambulator,

Ambulator, who very gravely aſked me, if I diſcovered any thing in the ſtanzas I had repeated that could juſtify the author for intruding them upon the world?

"Certainly not much," replied I, "and I am conſcious that had they made their appearance, *ſeparately*, with the name of Sylvanus Theophraſtus in the title page, the World would never have given itſelf the trouble to peruſe them. But they are Dryden's, and therefore worthy of our attention! Let us, however, do juſtice to the memory of this tranſcendant writer; by recollecting that in a long poem, like the preſent, of upwards of twelve hundred verſes, it is neither to be expected, nor to be wiſhed, that every paſſage ſhould abound with the warmth of Fancy, and the richneſs of figurative expreſſion. Correctneſs and harmony, it is true, we have a right to expect throughout; and of theſe he ſeldom diſappoints us. But with reſpect to the reſt, it is ſufficient that the fire of the author's imagination breaks out with

ſuch frequency as the nature of his ſubject may require, ſo as to render the whole (though not uniform) luminous, and full of animation. The paſſage upon which I have opened is undoubtedly one of thoſe in which the poet repoſes himſelf during the intervals of exertion, and you will find him by and by making very ample compenſation.

"But after all it muſt be confeſſed, that Dryden is a very unequal writer; and that if he frequently riſes higher than almoſt any author in our language, he ſometimes ſinks almoſt below every thing that oblivion has ſpared. Could Blackmore himſelf, for example, have ſurpaſſed the following bombaſtic conceit of the Almighty ſmothering the fire of London, with a glaſs extinguiſher?

"An hollow cryſtal pyramid he takes,
In firmamental waters dipt above;
Of it a broad *extinguiſher* he makes,
And hoods the flames that to their quarry ſtrove."

And

And yet, in this very poem, how many paſſages there are (not ſingle ſtanzas only —but continued from page to page) that breathe all the majeſty of the true ſublime. Witneſs in particular the whole deſcription of the battle between the Duke of Albemarle and the Dutch fleet. How ſublime, how awful (for example) is the deſcription of the ſolemn pauſe between the combat of the ſecond and third day! and how forcible and pathetic the laconic ſoliloquy that follows it.

" Amidſt theſe toils ſucceeds the balmy night;
Now hiſſing waters the quench'd guns reſtore,
And weary waves, withdrawing from the fight,
Lie lull'd and panting on the ſilent ſhore.

" The moon ſhone clear on the becalmed flood,
Where, while her beams like glittering ſilver play,
Upon the deck our careful Gen'ral ſtood,
And deeply mus'd on the ſucceeding day.

" That happy ſun," he ſaid, " will riſe again,
Who twice victorious did our navies ſee;
And I alone muſt view him riſe in vain,
Without one ray of all his ſtar for me.

"Yet like an Engliſh general will I die,
And all the ocean make my ſpacious grave:
Women and cowards on the land may lie;
The ſea's a tomb that's proper for the brave."

Reſtleſs he paſs'd the remnant of the night,
Till the freſh air proclaim'd the morning nigh,
And burning ſhips, the martyrs of the fight,
With paler fires beheld the eaſtern ſky.

And then how pathetic! and yet how noble is the deſcription of prince Rupert, who, we are told, "had heard the cannon long, and from that length of time dire omen drew;" haſtening with his fleet to the reſcue of this gallant commander!

"Then, as an eagle, who, with pious care,
Was beating widely on the wing for prey,
To her now ſilent eiry does repair,
And finds her callow infants forc'd away:

Stung with her love, ſhe ſtoops upon the plain,
The broken air loud whiſtling as ſhe flies:
She ſtops, and liſtens, and ſhoots forth again,
And guides her pinions by her young one's cries."

Virgil was certainly the favorite object of our author's ſtudy and imitation; and it muſt be admitted that all the tenderneſs and majeſty of that poet breathe in

in this ſimile: nor is what follow much inferior—

"As in a drought the thirſty creatures cry,
And gape upon the gathered clouds for rain,
Then firſt the martlet meets it in the ſky,
And with wet wings joys all the feather'd train.

With ſuch glad hearts did our deſpairing men
Salute th' appearance of the prince's fleet;
And each ambitiouſly would claim the ken,
That with firſt eyes did diſtant ſafety meet.

The Dutch, who came like greedy hinds before,
To reap the harveſt their ripe ears did yield,
Now look like thoſe, when rolling thunders roar,
And ſheets of lightning blaſt the tender field."

"I ſee you are ſtruck with the ſublimity of theſe paſſages, and I have no doubt but you would be equally charmed with thoſe of a more tender nature. I will turn back therefore to a ſtanza of this deſcription.

"This careful huſband had been long away,
Whom his chaſte wife and little children mourn;
Who on their fingers learn'd to tell the day
On which their father promis'd to return."

Whoever reads theſe two laſt lines, without admiring their forcible ſimplicity, has no heart: but no one who was not a father could have written them.

How beautiful, alſo, is the ſoliloquy of Charles, and how exquiſitely has the poet made him expreſs the generous feelings of his mind during the dreadful conflagration. [*Stanza* 261 *to* 271.]

In ſhort, the whole portrait is drawn in ſuch amiable colours, and ſo ably ſupported throughout the whole poem, that could we but forget, for awhile, the profligacy and duplicity of the original, and look upon it as, what in reality it is, a mere fictitious character, it would be impoſſible not to admire the judgment and ingenuity of the pencil by which it is ſo nobly delineated. In judgment and ingenuity, indeed, Dryden ſeldom was deficient, except when hurry and neceſſity betrayed him into negligence, and prevented him from beſtowing thoſe repeated

corrections

corrections and reviſions, without which (whatever prejudice and ignorance may conceive of *inſpiration*, and *the God)* no poem of any length ever aproximated, in any conſiderable degree, to excellence, or even beauty."

"And yet," ſaid Julian, "I believe you are not very much inclined to prefer the laboured and uniform elegance of Pope, to the occaſional negligences of Dryden."

"If it is the uniform elegance, and the occaſional negligence," replied Wentworth, "that you would wiſh to have contraſted, there can be no difficulty in the world in giving preference to the former; but if you wiſh by theſe epithets to bring the whole character of the two poets in review before us, I muſt join with my friend Sylvanus, in giving the moſt decided judgment in behalf of my favorite Dryden, whoſe ſtately, majeſtic, and often animated compoſitions, leave the ſmooth verſification of Pope as far below them, as

the fineſt models of coloured wax, in the eye of real taſte, are below the ſublime efforts of ancient ſculpture. Pope was, certainly, a very pretty poet; fine ſenſe, and a correct judgment, he poſſeſſed in an eminent degree; he had an ear exquiſitely ſuſceptible of numerous harmony, and a taſte and laborious induſtry, which it was not eaſy for any thing very ſhort of perfection to ſatisfy; and to this may be added, that he knew how to play and ſport with the muſe, with a grace that has ſeldom been excelled, or even equalled. But the ſublimity, the rapid enthuſiaſm, the genuine fire, nay, even the ſtately majeſty of the higher order of poetry, is looked for in vain in his writings. In Dryden, however, theſe are frequently to be found united together with a ſimplicity of diction, and a forcible tenderneſs of ſentiment and expreſſion, in which the other has always appeared to me to be defective."—Perhaps my friend Wentworth is in the right. Wit and elegance, good ſenſe and beautiful deſcription, have always appeared to me to

be

be the characteriſtics of Pope. But all theſe together, though they will make a very *pretty*, will never make a *great* poet; and I would not give the fire and fancy of ſome ſingle paſſages in Shakeſpeare, the high enthuſiaſm of Milton, or the ſtately majeſty of Dryden, for the moſt perfect combination of them all. But Dryden, beſides his characteriſtic ſtatelineſs, had alſo, at times, ſome daring flights of high enthuſiaſm: and though the "Rape of the Lock," and the "Epiſtle from Eloiſa," can never fail of exciting admiration, we may ſooner expect to ſee them both excelled than to ſee a rival either to the "Aſtræa Redux," or "Alexander's Feaſt."

HIGHGATE HILL.

WE were now arrived almoſt at the ſummit of Highgate-hill: and our literary animadverſions were naturally interrupted

to remark the pleaſing and extenſive proſpects it commands, and to compare our different obſervations on the charming and oft-viſited ſcenes of Caen Wood, Hampſtead, and all the rich variety of pleaſing and romantic walks, cluſtered together in the vicinity of the eminence we were climbing.

To an inhabitant of the metropolis the names and objects we were now contemplating are ſo familiar, that any farther animadverſions may appear trite and vulgar; "Yet I cannot help obſerving," ſaid Wentworth, "that from the manner in which, after a ſhort abſence, this ſcene once ruſhed upon my imagination, and the ſtrong ſenſations of delight with which it irradiated, for awhile, the ſullen deſpondency of my ſoul, I am convinced, that if a perſon of keen, obſerving mind, who had been unuſed to the concourſe and magnificence of extenſive towns, were brought unexpectedly to this ſpot, and ſhown, from the aërial brow of this eminence, the vaſt majeſtic city, queen

queen of commerce and of arts! ſtretching herſelf, with all her unwieldy ſuburbs, over the extenſive plains below, the impreſſion of grandeur and power it would irreſiſtably make, would be ſuch as few other ſcenes could equal."

Our philoſopher, however, was ſo far from agreeing with this ſentiment, that it was with difficulty we could perſuade him to take a ſingle ſurvey. Nothing to him appears ſo odious, however diſtant, as the proſpect of a great city. Turrets and thronging ſpires fill him with nothing but diſguſt, nor will he admit that there can be any pretenſions to beauty in any land-ſcape, in which even the proſpect of the cupola of Saint Paul's, how diſtant ſoever, is intruded. "I cannot, however, but perſuade myſelf," ſaid Wentworth, "that much of this diſguſt would wear away with a little abſence, and that in a few months you would behold the ſcene before us with a mixture both of wonder and delight. At leaſt this, I remember, was

the caſe with me, and at a period too when there was not the greateſt prediſpoſition in my mind to the reception of agreeable impreſſions.

"I had been for better than two months in a diſtant part of the country, diſſipating in all the varieties of ruſtic merriment, every remembrance of perplexity and care; and now, in tardy obedience to an unwelcome ſummons, I had left behind me all that is naturally deareſt to the heart of youthful ſuſceptibility, and was returning, with a deſponding fancy, to a ſcene where anxiety and embarraſſment were to meet me at the gates, and conduct me to my obſcure abode. Yet, dejected as I was, no ſooner did I behold the vaſt metropolis expanding beneath my feet, far to the right and to the left—ſee turrets, ſpires, and cupolas, thronging in pompous vaſſalage round yon ſtill more magnificent dome, than wonder and delight ruſhed immediately upon my heart, and triumphed, for a while, over every other impreſſion.

It

It is true, indeed, there might be ſome inſtinctive reaſons for my emotion. I had been farther diſtant—and for a longer period from the ſcene of my nativity than ever I had been before. I had ſome few friends of congenial diſpoſition, ſcattered through this vaſt wilderneſs of population, whoſe kindneſſes and converſation I could not but remember with delight. I had ſome connections too in the tender circle of ſocial relationſhip, who looked up to me for comfort and protection. Nature! —Nature, perhaps, was knocking at my boſom; and hard indeed muſt have been that heart that did not beat at the proſpect of a place, where it had ſo many inducements!"

THE SCHOOL.

BUT theſe were not the only images that occupied my mind in paſſing this once familiar ſpot. They were interrupted

rupted by reflections of a much leſs pleaſing nature; nor could I entirely reſtrain the heavings of indignation, when my eye glanced towards the ſeminary, over whoſe portals the ſacred name of *Academus* was once ſo ridiculouſly blaſphemed; and where I had the misfortune to be ſent to dry nurſe for the completion of my education, and to looſe that invaluable time in ſomething worſe than indolence, which I have ſince been doomed to toil for the recovery of, while I ought to have been enjoying the fruits of its cultivation.

Strange infatuation! that in an enlightened age and country the education of youth ſhould be ſo ſhamefully and ſo notoriouſly neglected!—that no proof of qualification whatever ſhould be expected from thoſe who undertake the important duties of tuition; but that beings, diſqualified even for the moſt ordinary ſituations of ſociety, ſhould be permitted to riot at large upon the indolent credulity of parents, and cramp and fetter the infant minds it

is

is their profeſſion to cultivate and enlarge.

But the formation of regulations for the inſtruction of the riſing generation, would be an object too inſignificant for the venerable attention of a ſeptennial Senate: its time muſt of neceſſity be firſt devoted to the more grand and important concerns of managing majorities upon party queſtions; deciding the claims of borough mongers and county jobbers; and reſcuing the common bounties of providence from the traps and ſprings of plebeian peaſants; to whom yet, little but the common bounties of providence are left!

My time, however, at this ſeminary, was not entirely thrown away. For, thanks to fortune! though I could collect nothing from my inſtructors, I yet had the happineſs to form ſome few connections that ſtimulated, at an after period, the pride of generous emulation, and ſoothed, during a particular

particular ſeaſon of my life, the long, long, dreary hours of misfortune.

O, Friendſhip! balm of Sorrow's wound!
Kind ſtar that, thro' affliction's night
Shed'ſt the ſoft ray of Hope around,
To guide—to cheer the wanderer's ſight!

O, radiance meek! that round the pole
Which props man's little world of joys,
While other planets diſtant roll,
A pure and conſtant beam ſupplies!—

O ne'er—tho' my eccentric feet
Thro' wilds and pathleſs deſarts ſtray—
May me thoſe envious tempeſts meet,
That blot from Heaven thy cheering ray!

Still, tho' the thorns of anguiſh rend,
Perplex'd in many a devious maze,
Tho' Danger's frown her terrors lend,
And in my rear her lightnings blaze;

Let but thy mild and ſettled light
(Hear, power ſerene! thy ſuppliant's pray'r)
Break thro' the general gloom of night,
And I will ſmile, and mock deſpair.

The deareſt and kindeſt of the connections formed at this period, ſnatched from me, it is true, in the very bloom and promiſe of his youth, has claimed, in many

many a penſive hour, the tear of ſenſibility that waters the grave of departed friendſhip;—yet, ſtill is my imagination ſoothed with a portion of the melancholy vanity of the illuſtrious Ormond*; and I would rather call to memory the tender and diſintereſted attachment of this departed youth, than be enrolled in a long liſt of modern friendſhips among the great, the diſſipated, and the vain.

THE TUTOR.

BUT hold: before I take my farewell of this ſpot, let me do an act of gratitude and juſtice to one mental benefactor, whoſe name deſerves to be reſcued from oblivion.—Mind! Mind! let not thy obligations want their memorial! nor, while

* *Vide* DALRYMPLE'S MEMOIRS.

we juſtly abhor the being who is deficient in the due ſenſe of perſonal kindneſſes, let us paſs, without a bluſh, the friends of intellect in ſilence, or bury their particular favors under the odium of general reproach.

During the ſhort ſpace of two months there was an uſher at this ſchool (a young unbeneficed clergyman, of gay and familiar manners, intelligent mind, and engaging converſation) from whom I certainly derived more than from all the other tutors who ever had any ſhare in my education. The good nature with which he regarded all the innocent, and ſome of the little miſchievous tricks of youth, and the familiarity with which he endeavoured to draw them into more ſerious pleaſures, quickly endeared him to all the moſt valuable members of the juvenile community; and the art he had of diſcovering, and encouraging the particular bias of every genius, rendered him not leſs uſeful than reſpected among us. It is true, the particular

ticular part of the ſchool where he preſided, and where all the more intelligent boys generally aſſembled, whenever the maſter was out of the way, had uſed to bear more reſemblance to an amicable *Converſatione*, than to the timid circle that uſually ſurrounds the deſk of a pedagogue. But the little conferences that frequently diverſified our exerciſes, were generally ſo inſtructive and decorous, as to be much more uſeful than all the rigors of ſcholaſtic diſcipline.

The practice of modern times, it is true, does not give much countenance to this colloquial mode of inſtruction, and this is, perhaps, a principal reaſon why ſo few of the Engliſh excel in the talent of converſation, and why all modern nations fall ſo far behind the ancient Greeks in the vivid energies of eloquence and imagination. The tutors of the preſent day, inſtead of exciting to emulation by inſtructive diſcourſe, and calling forth the powers of the infant mind by familiar interrogation,

interrogation, ſit retired in haughty ſilence, like ſullen and imperious baſhaws, ſingling, with cowering look, the unhappy objects of chaſtiſement, who, (fettered to one unhealthy attitude, for a tedious and unreaſonable period, their imaginations blunted, and their vivacity ſuppreſſed), are doomed to acquire many things from the tedious drudgery of reiterated peruſal, which, did the ear but occaſionally relieve the fatigue of the eye, would be accompliſhed in a third part of the time.

Such were the talents for inſtruction of this very uſeful aſſiſtant, whoſe ingenuity and attention might have made ſome amends for the ſottiſh ſtupidity of the principal. But Hervey was a young man of ſpirit, as well as ingenuity, and could not tamely brook all the jealous inſolence of a blockhead, who, if he had happened to poſſeſs three grains of decency or diſcretion, might have reaped the profit of his abilities.

I have

I have always heavily regretted, that I did not improve the opportunity I afterwards had of cultivating the acquaintance of this amiable young man, who ſhewed his attachment by repeated attentions and invitations, which, from the prejudices of ſome friend (alarmed at ſome little marks of youthful levity in his character—the mere ebulitions of a generous and ingenious ſpirit!) I was then induced to neglect; and whoſe reſidence, ſince I have ſeen and repented the duteous error, it has never been in my power to trace.—

But, oh! that, Hervey! to thy claſſic ear
Some friendly chance theſe artleſs lines might bear!
That ſhe, the Muſe (each ſordid care aloof)
Who weaves, with feeling hand, the airy woof,
From the wrought web a magic clue might lend,
Once more to guide thee to thy ſorrowing friend,
Who loves thy merits, and in memory bears
Thy mirth inſtructive, and thy friendly cares,
And with this burthen ſaddens oft the ſtrain,
That hearts for friendſhip form'd, are form'd in vain.

For ah, what pity, ſince too well 'tis known
How thin the flowers of genuine bliſs are ſtrown,
In this low vale of ſorrows and of cares,
How ſmall the harveſt, and how throng'd the tares;

Along

Along Life's road, how many a bramble grows,
How many a nettle, for one fragrant roſe,—
What pity 'tis that Friendſhip's peerleſs bloom,
(The grain's beſt virtues, and the flower's perfume—
Pleaſure and food of every virtuous mind!)
Should e'er be left with heedleſs haſte behind,
Its fragrance breathe to deſert gales away,
Smile unadmir'd, and unenjoy'd decay!
Come, Hervey, come! nor let me more complain,
That hearts for friendſhip form'd, are form'd in vain.

THE EPIC POEM.

PURSUING our way acroſs the weary waſte of Finchley, we had again recourſe to the beauties of poetical embelliſhment for entertaining variety; and again the flowers of recreation were culled from the immortal works of Dryden. The bold and maſterly beauties ſo frequently diſcoverable in the writings of this celebrated author, naturally led us to animadvert on the deſign he had ſo long meditated, of immortalizing the martial ſpirit of his country by an epic poem: a deſign which every one, who can feel the glow of literary patriotiſm, muſt lament that he did not accompliſh: ſince

ſince his beauties of the deſcription calculated for heroic poetry, are certainly unequalled, in boldneſs and originality, by any poet of our language (Milton alone excepted;) and his defects (being evidently thoſe of a man of genius, who writes haſtily for bread) might, in all probability, have been but ſeldom diſcovered in an elaborate work, in which fame (had he been properly patronized) might have been the principal object of his purſuit. But the diſſipated Charles, and his profligate courtiers, were more bent upon debauching the principles of their literary retainers, by fallacious expectations, than of raiſing them to the independence neceſſary for the execution of great and glorious undertakings: and the ſlip he had made in religion and politics, made it, afterwards, impoſſible for him to expect any countenance under the dominion of a *phlegmatic hog*, who had neither taſte nor liberality enough to ſee how little connection there is between party, and the honours of poetic genius.

"If

"If I miſtake not," ſaid Wentworth, "the ſubjects between which he fluctuated, were the exploits of Edward the Black Prince, to reſtore the depoſed tyrant to the crown of Caſtile, and thoſe of King Arthur againſt the Saxon invaders; neither of which, in my humble opinion, appear to have been very well choſen: the former not being ſufficiently intereſting in a national point of view, and the latter being deficient in the grand requiſite of ultimate ſucceſs. Of all the illuſtrious names in Britiſh ſtory, the character beſt calculated for the hero of a national epic poem, I ſhould conceive, is our illuſtrious Alfred."

"In point of real dignity of character," replied I, "he undoubtedly is ſo. But Alfred was too patriotic a ſubject for the times of Dryden: beſides which, I queſtion whether it would not be found more difficult to give an epic arrangement to the atchievements of this prince, than to either of the others. At the ſame time, I perfectly

I perfectly agree with your objection to the Spaniſh adventure, though I muſt diſſent entirely with reſpect to Arthur.

"The traditions and records of this prince furniſh as noble a theme as the epic muſe could wiſh to dwell upon; the ſucceſſes which frequently attended his arms were amply ſufficient to entitle him to the honors of heroic poetry: nor can I ſee that the final iſſue of the ſtruggle between the Saxons and Britons throws the leaſt ſhade upon his triumphs. Add to this, that the fabulous age in which he lived, gives to the imagination of the poet that latitude for daring exertion, which no later period of hiſtory can properly afford."

"But it was his intention," replied Julian, "to have made uſe of the Chriſtian ſyſtem for his machinery; and what kind of figures do you think Jeſus Chriſt, with his ſaints and apoſtles, would make in an epic poem? or even the archangels, and

cherubin and ſeraphin, which I believe were to have been the perſonæ of the celeſtial part of his drama?"

"Inſipid ones enough," returned Wentworth, "if handled by monks and legendaries; almoſt as dull as the pagan mythology in the hands of modern poets; but I cannot, for my own part, entertain a doubt, if handled with the bold licence of poetic genius, that the Chriſtian ſyſtem would furniſh a much more noble machinery than ever was produced from Grecian ſuperſtitions. How far indeed the pious Chriſtian might approve of ſuch liberties as muſt of neceſſity be taken with the myſterious characters of this ſyſtem, I cannot ſay. But theſe are reflections which would never have curbed the genius of Dryden, who very evidently looked upon the whole as a mere fable. You are ſtartled at this obſervation; but what other concluſion will you draw from his aſſertion in the life of Plutarch, that "all men of really enlightened minds, in every

age

age and country of the world, have been of the ſame religion?" You certainly will not infer, that he meant to ſay, all men of enlightened minds, in every age and country, had been chriſtians. Beſides—to illuſtrate the point ſtill farther, he obſerves, in his apology for the religion of the ſame philoſopher, that the mind which had emancipated itſelf from the myſteries and ſuperſtitions of the ancient ſyſtem, was not very likely to be influenced by thoſe of the new!"

"This may, perhaps, be a very dreadful charge," ſaid Julian, "in the eyes of orthodox piety; but I queſtion whether he would have written the worſe Epic poem on that account. What do you think, Sylvanus?"—

"I am thinking," ſaid I, "of the plan I had once formed of writing an Epic Poem myſelf. I had even proceeded ſo far as to write the Invocation; which, if you pleaſe, I will take the liberty to

preſent you.—The Muſe I invoke you will perceive is the genius not of *ancient*, but of *modern* Britain.—

GENIUS OF BRITAIN!—Not that power who ſtrung
A HAMPDEN'S arm, and urg'd his patriot tongue—
Not ſhe that warm'd a SYDNEY'S, RUSSEL'S ſoul,
Corruption's tyrant progreſs to control—
Ere yet *pretended Patriots*, bought and ſold,
Made *public* barter of their Votes, for Gold;—
Ere *Freedom's Repreſentatives*, by *name*,
Lauded Deſpotic Power, unaw'd by ſhame;
In public Senates (fired with frantic rage,
Which not the tears of Friendſhip could aſſuage)
Blacken'd each Name that, true to Freedom's cauſe,
Dar'd plead for *Nature's violated Laws*;—
Ere yet, grown grey in *Party's ſordid train*,
(Where who like them the clamorous throat to ſtrain?)
Wild, driv'ling Dotards (fired with ſacred hate
Of all who held what they upheld of late,)
Damn'd all the Honours which a gloſſing Tongue,
Practis'd in fraud, and with perſuaſion hung,
Still with the rotten Heart at prudent ſtrife,
Had purchas'd with *the Lie of a whole life*;
Renounc'd all Principle, and bared the Heart
So long conceal'd from view with painful Art;
Threw off the Maſk, ſo long with credit worn,
And chang'd Reſpect for Pity, and for Scorn;
To Bathos dived for culinary wit,
Made e'en the Stews and Billingſgate ſubmit
With ſheer ſcurrility, and bluſhing own
Their claim to mount the Shrew's conteſted Throne;
Thence ſoaring high, or thinking that they ſoar'd,
The realms of "Beauteous and Sublime" explor'd,

Pluck'd

Pluck'd down the *Stars*, and thought thoſe Stars too poor
(Moon-ſtruck themſelves!) to deck a Royal Whore,
Becauſe ſhe chanc'd the Gallic Throne to ſhare,
To which *(to Dorſet thanks!)* ſhe brought an Heir.
—But why with plurals thus Mankind diſgrace?
When even theſe Times produce but one ſo baſe.
GENIUS *of* BRITAIN! prompt my Epic theme—
Not thou who, nurs'd by Heliconia's ſtream,
Taught ONE ILLUSTRIOUS BRITISH PRINCE to feel
A noble love for Learning's ſacred weal,—
To Sage and Bard that patronage ſupply
Which pimps and fiddlers now alone enjoy,—
And, having freed the Land from *foreign Foes*,
Rous'd him to purge it from the darker woes
Of *ſavage Ignorance*, and Science rear,
At once by his Example, and his Care—
Not thou who urg'd the Godlike ALFRED's ſoul,
(Virtue his *Race*, *Immortal Fame* his *Goal!)*
With reverend Sages to devote his prime,—
Ere *Caterers*, *Boxers*, *Swindlers*, curs'd the Clime—
Ere yet the *Turf* alone had charms—Ere yet
ROOKING was *Science*, JOCKEYING was *Wit*—
For *Studs* ere *ſplendid Palaces* aroſe,—
Where *Steeds* and *Grooms*, in idle ranks, repoſe,
Conſuming *more* than Gallia's haughty Lord,
Her FOURTEENTH LOUIS, ſpent to deck that board
Where *Taſte* and *Science* found a ſure retreat,
And *all the Wits of Europe had a Seat!*—
—Not thou who taught *melliſluous* POPE to ſing,
Plum'd SHAKESPEARE's, MILTON's, DRYDEN's daring wing,
Ere whining PRAT, the pink of Common Place,
Pour'd forth long nothings with ſo *ſoft* a grace,

Made Sentiment ſo languiſhingly creep
To the charm'd Heart, as charm'd it quite to Sleep;
Made SYMPATHY thro' two long Cantoes ſhine,
Without aſſiſtance from one feeling line,
And *fair* HUMANITY—*ſo ſoft*—*ſo ſweet*—
Drawl thro' dull pages to the hundredth ſheet;
Drew *meek* MORALITY with ſuch a Grace,
With ſuch a *ſimpering*, *lack-a-daiſey* Face,
Such *water-gruel* Sweetneſs, one would ſwear
She "ſuckled Fools, and chronicled ſmall beer."
—Ere yet quaint Fopperies from the *Italian School*
Threw in forc'd Extaſies each Rhyming Fool;
Bit, like the Gad Fly, *Widows*, *Wives*, and *Maids*,
With frantic *bleat* to ſcare the tuneful Shades,
Where *ſelf-thought* Poets, deeper bit than they,
To their wild *bleat* return'd as wild a *bray*!—
Ere DE LA CRUSCA, darling of the WORLD!
The random Gaze of Moon-ſtruck-madneſs hurl'd
Thro' the wild "Wilderneſs of blooming Suns,"
And Scenes which Common Senſe indignant ſhuns;
Where *Popularity*, (debauch'd, and led
By that old Bawd, hight *Puffing*, to his Bed,)
Brought forth a Swarm of *miſshaped Monſters*, more
Than ever ſpawn'd on Nilus' antic Shore;—
Monſters, to nurture which, in happy Hour,
Dame COWLEY waken'd in the Muſes Bow'r—
That *Bow'r* in which, ſtrew'd by her Angel Hand
With Poppies cull'd in Morpheus happy Land—
Morpheus! inſpiring God of modern Themes!
The Patron bleſt of Poeſy and Dreams!—
That Bow'r, in which the balmy-ſoothing Pow'r
With *partial fondneſs*, oft, at Evening Hour,
("Attention pillowing her reclining Head")
The ſweeteſt Slumbers o'er her Senſes ſpread;

While

While crowded Theatres, by Fate's decree,
First clapp'd, then yawn'd, then snor'd as loud as she.
GENIUS *of* BRITAIN!—by what Title grac'd—
FASHION or FOLLY, VANITY or TASTE—
Thou, whose high Laws, rever'd by Courtly Dames!
CECIL's *hereditary Wisdom* frames.—
Important Guardian of a Royal Court!
Imperial Grandeur's *wisest*, *best* support!
Whose awful Nod prescribes the *Mantua's grace*,
And dooms, without appeal, in *Gloves* and *Lace*,
When, Wand in Hand, on Birth-Days, he presides,
And with the BEST OF KINGS the sway divides!—
—That BEST OF KINGS, from whom what blessings flow!
Who for his People keeps a Raree-Show
Of Pictures fine, a Month each Year, or more:
But makes them *drop their Shillings at the Door!*—
That BEST OF KINGS, who gives his Royal *Name*
To every Work of Charity, or Fame;
But, *liberal* as he is, with *Prudence* blest,
Keeps the Subscription Guinea in his Chest.—
That BEST OF KINGS, who, *Umpire of the Arts!*
To WEST's coarse outline his first Smile imparts:—
WEST, from whose hand each Male Complexion shines
Like half-wrought Copper from our Cornish Mines;
While, smooth as wax, each female Cheek is spread,
And every Lip, with the same lifeless red!—
WEST, whose long Groups, in order'd Rows display'd,
(As ranks of Soldiers strut on the parade,)
At *Knightly Installations*, make us stare,
And ask *What Corporal drill'd the noble Fair!*—
WEST, who, not only taught to husband *Time*,
Maintains the loss of *Space* an equal Crime,
So fills—despite of ease and simple grace—
So fills each *Scrap of Canvas* with a *Face*,

Which all, leſt quarrels riſe for ſhape and air,
The ſelf-ſame attitude and features ſhare---
WEST, who, *to Scripture rules devoutly true*,
Thinks *Eye for Eye*, and *Tooth for Tooth*, are due,
And painting Pharoah, and his warlike hoſt
O'erthrown by Moſes, and in Soap Suds loſt,
With vengeful Bruſh, for *Juſtice*, arms his Hands,
And *murders Moſes*, as the *Law* commands.---
That WEST, who, leſt the *firſt ſad Curſe* be vain,
Damns our fall'n Parents, o'er and o'er again;
Then, fired with *Zeal*, inſtructs his glorious SON
(By whom one Day the Sire ſhall be outdone)
To force grim *Satan* from the depths of Hell,
'Midſt grinning Forms of Ridicule to dwell,
Where *laughing Scorn* ſhall more afflict his Pride
Than all the Flames for torturing Ages tried.
GENIUS *of* BRITAIN!—That fame Nymph I mean
Who teaches *Tambour* to our GRACIOUS QUEEN;
Whence from her Needle (wond'rous Art!) ariſe
Long Pomps of *Silken Trees*, and *Worſted Skies*;
Quadrupeds, non-deſcript, are forc'd to Fame,
Plants with new forms, and *Flowers without a name*:
Or, ſoaring higher, to the Human form,
Her ſteel-eyed Pencil, (exquiſitely warm!)
Calls *faces* forth—(if thoſe who late have ſeen
Laurence's Portrait of that *awful* Mien
For ſuch a Fact can take a Poet's word!)
Still more unmeaning than her Royal Lord!
---Prudent Amuſement for a married Dame
Whoſe *Numerous Babes* her *frugal Fondneſs* claim!
Expenſive Books might ſhrink her little Store,
Concerts and Treats make e'en the Wealthy poor:
But ſhe at home who o'er her *Needle* dreams,
Or *patches Fragments* up with frugal Seams,

Or works *old Sattin Coats* with Colours fine,
O'er no *Upholſterer's hideous Bill* ſhall pine;
Yet ſees, bleſt Harveſt of her Royal Cares!
Quilts for her Beds, and *Covers for her Chairs*.
GENIUS *of* BRITAIN! who, with like control,
Sway GEORGE's, CHARLOTTE's, WEST's, and
WARREN's Soul!—
Make MERRY's ravings, COLEMAN's ſtolen traſh,
His *Tragi-Comic-Pantomimic* haſh,
Paſs for true Wit! aſſiſt my EPIC LAY:
For hard the Taſk my vent'rous Lines eſsay.

"You will tell me, perhaps, that this invocation is copious enough, at leaſt; and you will probably have ſome ſlight curioſity to know what could be the important action of a poem ſo *magnificently* introduced. This was, in fact, no other than a moſt dreadful battle between the Pictures in Boydell's gallery, and the Letters in Mr. Caſlon's workſhop, (in which the "Printer's ink, and paint of artiſts ſhed, heap'd Chiſwell-ſtreet and fam'd Pall Mall with ſlain, &c.") as you will perceive by the propoſition, which was as follows—

TYPES AND THE BRUSH I ſing, whoſe friendly aid
Calls buried Genius forth from Learning's ſhade—
That ſhade deſerted now by every wight,
Save only thoſe who feed on what they write,—

Camelion like, in Attic dome, on high,
On Couplets feaſt, and commune with the Sky!—
That Shade (if Books may juſtify the Creed?)
When Biſhops preach'd and mighty Lords could read,
Which *even Stateſmen* deign'd with Smiles to view;
To Rectors dear, and reverend Prebends too,
Ere yet (for then no fordid Avarice reign'd)
Mitres they found more ſlowly were obtain'd
By *gaining Crowns* in Wiſdom's laurel'd Liſt
Than *loſing Crowns* with gracious *Queen's* at Whiſt!—
That Shade where SHAKESPEARE's memory might expire,
And MILTON ſtring unheard his Epic Lyre,
Did not prim *Editors*, with timely aid,
Rear the long varniſh'd Viſta's quaint parade,
With gilding gay, with flaunting Picture grac'd,
To lure the coxcomb eye of modern TASTE—
That Shade which now (as FASHION bids) ſhall ſhine
Throng'd like *Vauxhall*—as courtly, and as *fine!*

You will not, I dare ſay, be very angry at ſeeing placed in a ridiculous point of view, this rage for ſplendid editions of works, however excellent in their nature: a rage ſo prejudicial to the ſolid intereſts of literature; and, with reſpect to the art of Painting itſelf, rather holding out a kind of commercial temptation to haſty and copious production, than a generous and liberal patronage to the laborious and ſcientific

ſcientific purſuit of excellence, and ſublimity of compoſition. The abſurdity of thus reducing the nobleſt ſpecimens of literary genius to mere expenſive pieces of furniture, to pleaſe the vacant eye of Foppery, had long ſtruck my mind as a very proper object for ſatire and ridicule, and the propoſal of the BEST OF LETTER FOUNDERS to the BEST OF KINGS, for adding to the liſt of *popular publications, too ſplendid to be read*, the "Gil Blas" and "Devil on Two Sticks" of Le Sage, induced me to form the plan of a mock heroic poem, of which the mighty *Alphabeta*, the Vulcan of Chiſwell-ſtreet, and forger of the literary thunderbolts of the terreſtrial JOVE, was to be the magnanimous hero. Of the local ſituation of the Cave of this tremendous perſonage the following is a deſcription, from the firſt Canto—

Near that bleſt Spot of ancient Claſſic Fame—
Fancy's lov'd Region—GRUB STREET is its name
With *Mortal Men*—how call'd by *Gods* on high,
Small is the import, friend, to you or I—

Where oft the Muſe (while Muſes were eſteem'd)
In days of yore, with bold inventions teem'd;
With *Giants*, *Spectres*, and *Magicians* dire,
Monſters and *Dragons* belching Streams of Fire,
Which arm'd Heroes brav'd to Combat, drunk
With ſacred Love of Piety and Punk!—
—Near this fam'd Spot, where *Poems* once were made,
And *Founders* yet aſſiſt the Poet's Trade,
For leaden *Satires* leaden *Types* ſupply,
And give Ideal Nonſenſe to the Eye—
Near this fam'd ſpot—nor far (for ſince, by Fits,
Wits will be *Madmen*, *Madmen* may be *Wits*,
Our prudent Anceſtors, right wiſely plann'd
Their dwellings in one Neighbourhood ſhould ſtand,
That due aſſiſtance might at times be ſhar'd,
And *Brothers* held in *Brotherly* regard)—
Nor far remov'd from that ſame noble Pile,
A needful Structure in *Britannia*'s Iſle!
Which, *till ſome Royal head its ſhelter claim*,
Of BEDLAM bears the low, plebeian Name,
There ſtands a Dome, o'er whoſe trim Portals ſhine
(Type of JOVE's guardian Care and Love divine!)
Lion and *Unicorn*, by Sculptor bold
Carv'd in Olympian Oak, and gay with Gold.
A Dome it is each Bard with rapture views
Who in ſpruce Garb would deck his lofty Muſe,
Thro' *ſheets of Snow* would each *dark paſſage* ſpread,
And aid his weight of *Brains* with weight of *Lead*.
There thro' the livelong Day, o'er many a Forge,
Doom'd leaden Bolts of Vengeance to diſgorge,
The *Literary Cyclops* toil and ſweat
O'er the *dread Thunders of the Alphabet*;
Which dealt, with well-aim'd Vengeance, o'er the World,
TYRANTS *have bow'd, and mighty* STATESMEN *hurl'd*

From

From Power's miſgotten, or polluted Seat,
Villains have aw'd, and made *proud Vice* retreat!---
Thunders which, *pointed by a Monarch's hand,*
Have *ſpread Confuſion thro' a peaceful Land;*
With ſhort-liv'd Awe have ſtruck the Free-born Soul,
Compell'd the uſe of Reaſon to control,
Compell'd to deem as *wicked Traitors*, thoſe
Not who *concert the Treaſon*, but *expoſe*.---

"Avarice and Vanity, the foſtering parents and tetular deities of the hero, are then deſcribed, while he is enjoying the ſweets of ſlumber, as viſiting the deſerted ſcene—

For now 'tis night: no more the Cyclops ſweat
O'er the dread thunders of the alphabet,
Whoſe dubious terrors can alike control
By turns the Tyrant's and the Patriot's ſoul---
Here, tier o'er tier, in many an order'd Row,
To pleaſe the GODDESS, *finiſh'd Letters glow;*
Not burniſh'd Silver beams a brighter Ray;
Not prim SIR FOPLING more exactly gay
Glides thro' the Ball-room, fearful leſt the Air
Derange a Frill, or *diſconcert a Hair*.
—*There unwrought Metal* lay, heap'd pile on pile;
There *droſſy Refuſe of the daily Toil;*
There, ſplaſh'd by careleſs hands from out the Moulds,
Thick ſpangling Drops the penſive GOD beholds,
Decking with uſeleſs Pomp, each Screen, each Wall,
Furnace, and Chimney, thro' the ſpacious Hall.
"Oh! woeful ſight!" the ſordid *Spectre* ſaid,
"Oh! impious waſte of dear-beloved Lead!---

Lead

" *Lead*-which, by ALPHABETA touch'd, ſhall owe
" Him the true Maſter of the Chymic ſtone—
" *Lead* which well-wrought, and properly beſtow'd,
" Might print a *Dying Speech* or *Birth-Day Ode;*
" GRANT's *Laſhes* publiſh, and for juſtice call;
" Or ſhew why ROSE was never laſh'd at all.—
" Lead from whoſe womb in order'd ranks ſhall riſe
" Thoſe letters doom'd to charm all human eyes,
" At ſight of which the *Dunce's* Breaſt might glow,
" Struck with ſtrange Paſſion for the CRISS CROSS-ROW!—
—" *Letters*, ſo neat! ſo trim! ſo ſmooth! ſo fair!
" Be they round O o, ſtraight I i, or V v ſo ſquare,
" Or crooked S s, or that ſ that ſwells
" High o'er the Line, like ſtraighter k k, and l l,—
" That lofty ſ, which BELL, with cruel ſpite,
" Would damn to dark Oblivion's endleſs Night,
" But which, by ALPHABETA's loyal Care,
" Still o'er the Ranks the lofty Creſt ſhall bear,
" By laws of ancient uſage tower on high,
" And Innovation's dangerous ſtride defy."

To this I ſhall add another ſpeech of the ſame immortal perſonage, upon the importance of that kind of accumulation, of which he is the patron—

" All things from THIS their real value claim.
" Truth, Honour, Juſtice, Valour, Conſcience, Fame,—
" (Thro' every Rank, *Prieſts*, *Mountebanks*, and *Kings*,)
" Have no more worth than each the *Pence* it brings.
" And tho' *Adepts* may bounce, with Scruples nice,
" 'Tis but a bubble to increaſe the price;
" (Save with ſome Fools, whom learned Pride miſleads)
" A ſtale, ſtock-jobbing Trick, which no one heeds.

" For

" For THIS the STATESMAN, clinging to the *Purſe*,
" Endures, without Remorſe, his Country's Curſe;
" Endures the Scourge of headlong *Party Rage*,
" And ſtands the *Butt* of an enquiring Age;
" Without retreating from the ſearching Light,
" Sees *blacker Vices* drag'd to public ſight
" Than, had he been of *poor Plebeian Race*,
" Had juſtly doom'd him to a *Rope*'s diſgrace:---
" *Unbluſhing* bears it all---for *Gold*, we know,
" Outbrazening *Braſs*, can Impudence beſtow.
" For this the LAWYER proves that *Black* is *White*;
" ARNOLD for this upon both ſides will fight,
" By *both deſpis'd*. For this the PARSON *preaches*,
" The DOCTOR *kills*, and BURKE for this *impeaches*,
" From Year to Year draws out the tedious ſuit---
" For HASTINGS would not *ſee him to be mute!*---
" Nay, chief, for THIS (if Fame aright declare,)
" CHARLOTTE and GEORGE delight the CROWN to wear.
" Bleſt ſource of *Wealth!* which leaves ſmall Cauſe to dread
" Their Babes (GOD *bleſs them!*) e'er ſhould *beg their Bread.*"

" If you are not already wearied, I will add to theſe quotations a contraſted ſketch of the phenomena of morning in Town and Country.—The *latter* part of this quotation formed the commencement of the *ſecond*—the *former* the concluſion of the *firſt* Canto: the only one, indeed, which I had by any means finiſhed, when I was induced

induced by ſeveral conſiderations to lay aſide my deſign.

" Scarce had they finiſh'd when——A vulgar Bard
Would tell you, by the Cock's ſhrill Clarion ſcar'd;
But we, who true Deſcription ſeek alone,
Know that Cocks ſeldom crow in London Town;---
Unleſs the Poet, for the Time of Need,
Should keep one by him of Parnaſſian breed,
Which, fed with Barley from the bi-fork'd hill,
Stands, with arch'd Neck, to chuckle at his will.---
Scarce had they finiſh'd--Oh! that now, ſo gay,
My Muſe might, thro' enamell'd Meadows, ſtray
By Village ſide, whence Ploughmen whiſtle blithe,
And the rude Mower whets his ſhining ſcythe,
Or Milk-Maid trips, and, while her cleanly Pails
Click at her ſide, the Morn with Carol hails,
Or Shepherd Lad, with barking Cur beſide,
Hies to the Cot where bleat the fleecy pride!
With Vernal Beauties then my Verſe ſhould ſhine;
Some varied Landſcape glow in every Line;
Some balmy Zephyr thro' the waving Grove,
In every Couplet, breathe the Sigh of Love;
While the ſhrill Lark, or Horn's inſpiring ſound,
Should ſcare the Spectres to their Haunts profound.--
But Truth would here the Lark, the Horn diſclaim:
And ſimple Truth is all the Muſe's aim.---
Scarce had they finiſh'd, when thro' CHISWELL STREET
(The MUSE's now, and ALPHABETA's Seat)
A ſhrill loud Voice proclaim'd the ſcatter'd Gloom,
And "*Sweep Soot O!*" reſounded thro' the dome.
The Spectres ſtarted. Straight each Shadowy Breaſt
The *faithful Harbinger of Morn* conſeſt.
They melt to Air, as ſooty, maim'd, and ſlow,
Paſs the ſad Sons of Penury and Woe!

Aurora's

Aurora's ruſh-light melted now away
Before the flambeau of the God of Day,
Whoſe broad unwelcome glare o'er houſe tops ſeen,
Tips Betty's caſement with refulgent ſheen,
And calls young Barnwell from her brawny arms,
To 'ſcape, unſeen, thro' gutters from her charms,
Juſt time enough to let his maſter in,
Reeling to buſineſs from the tavern's din.
---Now bakers, on their dough-troughs yawn in ſtate,
Damn the aſſize, and ſhrink the deſtin'd weight;
The midnight robber ſkulking hides his head,
And unplied trulls ſteal pennyleſs to bed;
While milk-maids haſte to Iſlington, whoſe ſtream
Mingles with milk to furniſh London cream:
---Now ſprightly Billingſgate is juſt awake,
And the throng'd Nereids their ſtations take:
Sweet ſound their treble pipes; each accent hung
With Claſſic graces of the vulgar tongue;
While Covent Garden echoes back the ſtrain;
Where throng the paſtoral nymph and rural ſwain
From Putney's, Batterſea's, and Peckham's plain:
Thoſe Nymphs and Swains, whoſe rural Eclogues ſweet
Have oft made vocal Carpenter's retreat---
Who knows not Carpenter's? whoſe early doors
Ope with the dawn for huckſters, thieves, and whores,
Rooks who with E. O. chace the midnight gloom,
And poor gull'd Pigeons ſtripp'd of every plume;
While jilts, culls, bullies, mingle with the throng,
Pour the loud curſe, and belch the reeling ſong.
To theſe reſponſive, what blithe ſounds ariſe!
Bid ſhops unfold, and houſe maids rub their eyes!
"Primroſes!" "Duſt O!" "Lavender!" Old clothes!"
And "Water-Creſſes!" baniſh dull repoſe;
"Brick Duſt!" "Sweep Soot O!" on the breezes ſwim
And waſt from ſtreet to ſtreet the matin hymn;

While,

While, in full chorus to the jocund lay,
Carts rattle, drivers ſwear, and aſſes bray!---
But dead to this blithe chorus of the morn
Turns purſe-proud Grandeur with an idle yawn,
Bent to renew once more, in flattering dreams,
His Diſſipations or ambitious ſchemes.
New foreſt 'cloſures ſweeten Roſe's ſleep,
And Smith's damn'd verdict from his memory keep.
In Pitt's bright fancy bolder hopes ariſe---
Unbounded ſway, and general exciſe;
Confiding Senates, Camps of Obſervation,
To cruſh enquiry, and dragoon the nation,
Navies and armaments, at Britain's coſt,
Foredoom'd to gain———of Patronage a hoſt;---
Foredoom'd to cruſh, (if Heaven their purpoſe aid)
The impious crew who Rights of King's invade.
For Dreams like theſe thrice ſtrives Dundas in vain,
While whip-gall'd Afric clanks the lengthen'd chain,
And with fierce rage the wretch's boſom rends,
Who damn'd her cauſe by joining with her friends.
Thrice turns he round and ſleeps; and thrice ariſe
Grim hedious Spectres to his haggard eyes,
Shrieking aloud "No more expect repoſe,
"Till ſlow the guilty eighteenth Century cloſe."
Again he turns. His country's curſes ſwell
Thick in his ear; and while the hedious yell
Harrows his ſoul, the gibbet rears elate,
And burning effigies foretel his fate,
Tho' lawleſs magiſtrates wage Civil war
To ſave with Britiſh blood the men of ſtraw.
Great Mammon Nimrod now, as when awake,
Creeps to his ſtore, a fond, fond glance to take;
Laughs at an o'ertax'd people's groans, and cries,
With goat-like mouth, and idiot glaring eyes,

While,

While, pile on pile, his ſeventeen millions ſwell,
"What---what---what---what---don't all---all things go well;"
Then, (tho' his purblind eyes, diſloyal, fail
To ſhew the difference 'twixt the mane and tail)
Calls for his horſe, and with heroic grace
Braves all the pleaſing dangers of the chace.

I have told you, that the firſt Canto was all I had finiſhed. The plan, however, was entirely drawn out. My machinery conſiſted of the pagan deities. Theſe, however, I had deſcribed (with poetical licence) ſomewhat differently from the ancient poets. *Hercules*, for example, is repreſented as a great miſ-formed monſter, half bear, half man, with a dark lowering countenance, a black heavy eyebrow, and a thick growling voice, much addicted to bullying and ſwearing. Inſtead of the ſpoils of a Lyon, I ſuppoſe his head and ſhoulders to be clothed with a huge judicial wig, an antic faſhioned three cornered hat, and a long black robe; and his hand, inſtead of a rude ponderous club, armed with a large golden mace,

mace, with which he guards the great ſeal of heaven.

By his herculian ſide ſweet handmaid glows,
Fair Hebe, bluſhing like a full blown Roſe,
That full blown Roſe, whoſe ſhape ſhe once aſſum'd,
And bright on Covent Garden Huſtings bloom'd,
Till Argos eyes detect the treacherous thorn,
To goad fair-Freedom's ſide malignant worn;
At which, abaſh'd, ſhe fled the light of Day,
And hid beneath Minerva's buckler lay.—

Minerva, alſo, is found to be very much metamorphoſed, ſince the time of the Trojan and Latian wars. The identity of her perſon, indeed, is proved by her being the *repreſentative of Parnaſſus*—the *ſeat of learning and the muſes*; but her dreſs and appearance are entirely changed: long and thin as the lance ſhe had uſed to bear, and guarded, inſtead of her gorgonian ſhield, with a myſtical ſpell (called a proclamation) ſhe ſits in the council of Heaven, without either feminine grace, or maſculine dignity (which, however, by the way, are very copiouſly ſupplied by the ſubſtitution of a ſufficient degree of tyrannical

nical obſtinacy;) and, what is particularly ſingular, her dreſs and appearance having become more maſculine, as her underſtanding and deportment became more weak, ſome of her votaries had been induced to ſuppoſe that a *ſexual metamorphoſe* had actually taken place. The gods, however, are deſcribed as being better informed—for Venus and the graces, having had an opportunity of examining while ſhe ſlept, declare, in full ſynod, that the thing might perhaps be conſidered as of the neuter gender; but as for its manhood, Diana herſelf might ſleep with it, without danger to her reputation, ſince the ſlighteſt ſymptoms of virility were not to be found about it. I ſhall not dwell upon the fine tapiſtry working of my pug-noſed Juno; but ſhall conclude by bringing the immortal Jove himſelf upon the ſtage in the following paſſage, in which he breaks off the moſt dreadful battle between the types of Chiſwell-ſtreet, and paintings of Pall Mall, and their allies, juſt at the time when the latter had like to have been victorious,

victorious; turns the fate of the day, and thus enables the hero, ALPHABETA, to accompliſh the important undertaking which conſtitutes the action of the Poem.

Thus fled the types when thro' the troubled ſky
Dread thundering Jove reſiſtleſs beam'd on high:
His awful wig of lighteſt hair around
A ſtar-gem'd diadem imperial frown'd,
In front of which bright beam'd the radiant ſtone,
An eaſtern Nabob lately call'd his own;
Till at the altar of the thundering God,
In ſupplication of his guardian nod,
Submiſs 'twas offer'd. Jove, as Gods are us'd,
Receiv'd the offering, but the pray'r refus'd.
---Dread was his preſence; in his red right hand,
Prepar'd to vindicate his high command,
He graſps thoſe thunders Alphabeta's care
Had forg'd the terrors of his will to bear.
Now when the adverſe conflict he eſpies,
With face of ſcarlet and grey rolling eyes,
Sees types on types diſpers'd, diſmay'd, or ſlain,
And Boydel raging thro' the enſanguin'd plain:
Indignant wrath and keen reſentment riſe,
And, What! what! what! with thick ſhort ſpeech, he cries;
But could no more, for choler choak'd his tongue,
And what! what! what! thro' heaven's wide concave rung.
Scar'd Moorfields ſhakes, clouds tremble as they roll,
Fork'd lightnings fly, big angry thunders growl,
And what! what! what! chills every victor's ſoul.
Scar'd Boydell flies, Woodmaſon's puff expires,
And e'en thy deamon, Opie, ſlow retires.

Jove

Jove throws his bolts thick ſcatter'd o'er the ground,
And brands of heavenly fury blaze around.
Thro' Britain's empire ſpreads the ſacred ire,
Prints every gate-houſe, poſt, and village ſpire,
Whence gazing Ruſtics, wondering what is meant,
Read dreadful words of treaſon, diſcontent,
Sedition rumour'd, enemies to peace,
And dread commands, *that Reaſon's voice ſhould ceaſe.*

"A moſt ſublime concluſion," ſaid Wentworth, "of a moſt ſublime poem. Your invocation, however, notwithſtanding the wide compaſs of arts and genius which it endeavours to embrace, may, perhaps, be conſidered as not ſufficiently magnificent for the ſubject. Nothing apparently tame, ſir, will do in theſe days, when the real warmth and fervour of imagination are ſo ſeldom felt. The whole elements ought to be ſet in motion to the ſound of an *alliterative bagpipe* at the firſt off-ſet: and though your fancy ſhould be as cold as a cobler's lapſtone, you ſhould tear a paſſion into very rags in the firſt twenty or thirty lines, or all is over. No, no, ſir, this will never do. You muſt bruſh up your muſe again, and beg her to aſſiſt you with

with a few *copious tides of golden beam*, and *wild exceſſes of rapt'rous trance*, and *torrid gales and petrifying ſuns*, and the like. And then you ought, now and then, *where confluent waters craſh*, to *pauſe and hear the mazy daſh*, and *drink a few pois'nous meteors as they fly*; by which time you will be ſufficiently inſpired, perhaps, to rave about the *ſmiling extaſies of diſtraction*, and *the exalted glory of deſpair*, and ſuch like beautiful and truly original conceits. Or what ſay you to a few *rolling ſenſations—thrills* that give an *inflammation in the liver*, or *the will*, if you like it better, and a pretty conceit or two about the *moon's clean ſmicket*, and *the glance of her chryſtal eye putting a whole ſuit of armour upon the heavens?*—If this is to your taſte, I have a commodity ready made in my ſhop, which, I aſſure you, is very much at your ſervice, and which I conceive muſt be admitted to be a very complete thing in the way of ſublime invocation.

* Genius, or Muſe, whate'er thou art! whoſe thrill
Prompts to my Poor brain to ſtain the Poet's quill,
Makes like a ball ſublime ſenſation roll,
And trundles nonſenſe round from pole to pole;
Who lov'ſt to throw thy wild ungovern'd gaze,
Like a fierce madman's ſtare a thouſand ways,
Where ſtarry Night, well-taught at Spitalfields,
Weaves a thick ſtuff that to no tiſſue yields,
And chaſing COMMON SENSE from off the globe,
Leads the meek Moon, dreſſed in her cleaneſt robe,
To ogle luſtre from her chryſtal eye,
And deck the heav'ns with pearly panoply:
Or whether random-caſt beſide ſome ſtream,
Which like a diſhclout waſhes every beam,
Thou ponder'ſt, philoſophical, alone,
As mute, and ſtupid as a ſenſeleſs ſtone,
Lull'd by nurſe Sorrow's deſultory groan,

While

IMITATION.

* "Genius, or Muſe, whate'er thou art! whoſe *thrill*
Exalts the *fancy*, and *inflames* the *will*,
Bids o'er the *heart* ſublime *ſenſations roll*,
And wakes extatic fervour in the ſoul:
Who lov'ſt to throw thy *wild ungovern'd gaze*
Where ſtarry *Night weaves* thick *her tiſſued rays*,
And chaſing *envious* SHADOW from the globe,
Leads the meek *Moon*, *array'd in virgin robe*,
To glance ſoft luſtre from *her chryſtal Eye*,
And deck the heav'ns with pearly panoply."
"Or, whether, *random-caſt*, beſide ſome ſtream,
Whoſe rippling current *laves the falling beam*,
Thou Pondereſt, Philoſophical, alone,
Entranc'd by Sorrow's deſultory groan,

* While from dark dell the plumed Minſtrel's throat,
Like the ſweet ſcreech-owl, tells its griefs by rote:
Or doſt thou haſten to the *lawny vale*,
To liſt to Bobby Merry's *ſawny Tale?* &c."

HADLEY GREEN.

I HAVE choſen to throw theſe criticiſms and quotations all together for the ſake of connection: but the reader will naturally conclude, that a variety of circumſtances would occaſionally interrupt them upon the road. This in particular was the caſe as we were croſſing Hadley Green, a tolerably pleaſant little ſpot, on the other ſide of Barnet, walled in, with mercantile taſte, by ſome good houſes—one

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IMITATION.

* While from Dark Dell the plumed minſtrel's throat
Swells the *long anguiſh of diſaſtrous note:*
Or doſt thou haſten to the *lawny vale*, &c."

LAUREL OF LIBERTY, p. 1.

one of which, indeed, is handſomely built with Portland ſtone, has a fine piece of ground behind it, and deſerves a better ſituation. But for the beauty of Hadley you muſt turn out of the high road; and admire, in a more retired ſituation, the modeſt graces of its little church, &c. —The contemplation of this ſcene recalled immediately to my mind the frequent converſations I had enjoyed in walking towards it, with a youthful friend of parts and literary acquirements, whom a certain tender attachment, or at leaſt the juvenile reſemblance of one, had uſed to tempt to frequent excurſions this way; and who, while I reſided in my little rural cottage, uſed to call me up in the morning to accompany him on a part of the way, and mingle, with agreeable diverſity, tender recitals of the intercourſe of youthful hearts, and critical compariſons of the ſtudies in which we had reſpectively been engaged. It was impoſſible not to be led from ſuch reflections to the recollection of all the curious circum-

ſtances of this ſingular amour: ſo ſingular, indeed, with reſpect to the diſpoſitions of the parties, (whoſe good underſtandings only enabled them, on the preſent occaſion, to make themſelves ſo much the more ridiculous) that I fear the ſtory I am going to relate, will appear more like a literary caricature, than a narrative of facts, and a deſcription of living characters.—"There are many things ſo ridiculous, in real life," ſays Lord Cheſterfield, "that a diſcreet poet would not introduce them into a fictitious tale;" and this, perhaps, may be conſidered as one of thoſe, which I ſhould have ſhewn my diſcretion by ſuppreſſing. But a deſcendant of the Philoſopher Theophraſtus ſhould be ſuperior to the faſtidious criticiſms of an *Engliſh Petit Maitre*, (for our neighbours have turned the tables upon us; and this is no longer a ſoleciſm in language!) and ſketching his characters with the bold pencil of truth, ſhould reveal the extravagances of human nature as they preſent themſelves before him, without attending to any other circum-

ſtances

ſtances than the accuracy of his draughts, and the truth of his colouring. For truth is not the leſs true, becauſe every one to whom it is told does not believe it: and what opinion muſt we form of that traveller, who, ſhrinking from the ſurly blaſt of Scepticiſm, ſhould reſolve to ſuppreſs every circumſtance of his adventures, but ſuch as were purely conſonant with what every one was as well acquainted with as himſelf.

"Human nature," exclaimed I, ſtruck with the remembrances connected with the ſpot, "never appears in ſo ridiculous a point of view, as when ſhe pretends to ſoar above her proper ſphere, and, with affected refinement, to diveſt herſelf of thoſe attributes which are neceſſarily inherent in her terreſtrial ſubſtance. Delicacy of Sentiment, and purity of deportment, can never, it is true, be carried too far. But then it is neceſſary we ſhould rightly underſtand in what they properly conſiſt. It ſhould never be forgotten, that

if, inſtead of being employed to give additional graces to virtue, to reſtrain within due bounds, and encreaſe the pleaſing allurements of the native paſſions, they ſhould preſumptuouſly aſpire to thwart the laws, and diſappoint the intentions of Nature, they degenerate into vicious affectation; and are chargeable with ridiculous preſumption. Is it not ſtrange, that beings who have blood that circulates, and nerves that feel, ſhould ever aſpire to forget their materiality, and regulate their paſſions and conduct by *the pure dictates of immaterial eſſence?*—or rather by the wild eccentric ideas which their heated imaginations have conceived of the ſpiritual natures of a better world?"

"It would, indeed, be ſtrange," replied Ambulator, "if the practice were ever attempted. But, though ſuch viſionary ſchemes have been formed in the retired cells of philoſophers, I queſtion whether even thoſe philoſophers, themſelves, did not always forget them, as ſoon as they entered

entered on the theatre of public action. It were idle, indeed, to criticiſe human nature from the ſyſtems of Philoſophers; for you are not, I dare ſay, unacquainted with the truth of the obſervation, that "There is nothing ſo ridiculous as not to have been advanced, by ſome one or other, of thoſe ſagacious Gentlemen."

"To which," replied I, "we may very juſtly add, that there is no maxim ſo abſurd in the whole extent of their writings, as not to have met with diſciples who were inclined to regulate by it their ſentiments and conduct.

"This green, over which we are walking, and in proceeding to which I have held ſo many converſations relative to one of theſe ſentimental enthuſiaſts, calls to my mind an example of the dangerous and abſurd extent to which theſe platonic notions are ſometimes carried; and, as it will alſo reveal ſome other traits of the inconſiſtency of human nature, I will

relate to you the circumſtances of a very curious amour, with the whole progreſs of which I was intimately acquainted."

THE PLATONIC FAIR.

BEATISSA is a young lady, who, with a heart alive to all the tenderneſs of ſocial intercourſe, and a perſon blooming with all the ſmiling graces of eighteen, is enamoured of the hallowed ideas of ſainted purity and inviolable chaſtity, and ſighs for the ideal enjoyments of a celeſtial paſſion.—Let me not be miſtaken. Beatiſſa is no devotee;—ſhe wiſhes not to be locked up within the remorſeleſs gates of a Nunnery, or, amidſt penances and mortifications, to claſp, with trembling knees, the ſullen ſhrine of ſome reputed ſaint. On the contrary, ſhe had always a keen taſte for the buſtle and gaiety of the metropolis,

tropolis, (though *envious fate* confines her to the odious ſecluſion of the country;) ſhe doats upon a ball, or a concert, can endure to ſit the three laſt acts of a popular comedy; exults in the duſty ſplendours of a Hyde Park promenade, and dies in extaſies at the faſhionable repreſentations of the Opera Houſe. She is emulous of admiration in the circles of youthful vivacity; is pleaſed with the flattery and attentions of our ſex; and will even appeal to the arts of coquetry, to attract our obſervation, and enſnare our regard.—But the deſires of Beatiſſa are of a refined and celeſtial nature, ſuch as Sylphs, and Zephyrs, Angels, and Guardian Genii bear towards each other;—ſuch as the myſtical and incomprehenſible Plato taught, ſome thouſand years ago, to the unattending Greeks, though mingled (and elated, perhaps) with ſome proportion of the refined ſpirit of ſentimental gallantry, which thoſe more admired philoſophers, the Engliſh Noveliſts, inculcate to their more docile pupils. In ſhort, it is not the ſevere and mortified

celibacy of Papal Superſtition that bewilders the imagination of Beatiſſa; but *the ſublime enthuſiaſm of the chaſte* SYMPATHY OF SOULS: *the virgin intercourſe of* ENAMOURED MINDS.

But before I proceed with my narrative, it may not be amiſs to notice ſome particulars to which ſhe ſeems, in ſome degree, indebted for the peculiarities of her character.

The fair viſionary then, is the only iſſue of a diſproportionate match which, ſeveral years ſince, took place between Mr. Fopling Zephyr, and Miſs Philomathia Termagant: the former of whom was as remarkable for the eaſy frivolity, as for the romantic tenderneſs of his diſpoſition. He was, indeed, the very plume of Faſhion, the ſtagnate lake of good-natured Indolence, and the ſigh of amorous melancholy itſelf; while his *fair* ſpouſe, on the contrary (for *fair* we muſt call her by the privilege of her ſex) loved to tread the clouds

clouds of philoſophic contemplation, to mix with the din of theological controverſy, dive into the unfathomable abyſs of metaphyſics, and, with a voice not very like the gentle murmurings of a lute, or of a ſtock dove, to maintain the dogmas ſhe had adopted, or diſpute the underſtandings of all who preſumed to differ from her in opinion. In ſhort, ſhe was, by her own incontrovertible eſtimation, the very apple of the eye of learning; and if ever, when diſengaged from parties or excurſions of pleaſure, ſhe afforded herſelf a reſpite from theſe ſublime purſuits, it was only to indulge the ſtill more elevated prerogative of railing at her trembling huſband,—or to bewail, with fretful impatience, the cruel fate that doomed her to conſume her time with a being incapable of rational recreation.

The ſtructure of Beatiſſa's mind was of the intermediate, or compoſite order. She had adopted the literary ambition of her mother; but had too much of her father

in her compoſition to purſue it with the ſame *ſerious abſtraction*. To ſoothe the tender melancholy of *her* mind, the plaintive ſonnets of Petrarch alternately breathed their chaſte ſorrows in her lonely ear, and the circulating library offered its ſtores of incomprehenſible ſentiment, and romantic incident; while the viſions of oriental moraliſts bewildered ſtill more her exuberant imagination. Some of her mother's favorite philoſophers (being equally whimſical and extravagant) had alſo the honour of ſharing her regard; and having flattered herſelf into a belief that ſhe underſtood the viſionary ravings of Plato, in particular, ſhe became an ardent diſciple of that celebrated enthuſiaſt.

A courſe of reading ſo ſingularly groteſque was not without its effect. Her converſation and deportment ſoon became remarkable for the moſt romantic ſingularity. She wept *ambroſial tears of heavenly ſympathy*, over the cruſhed wings of a butterfly; ſhe *died in extaſies of beatific meditation*, at

at the melancholy trillings of the nightingale; and, *pining with apprehenſion's thrillant wound*, turned from her morning's repaſt *with ſickly loathings of enanguiſhed heart*, if, by any accident, the *dear maid of ſympathetic boſom*, who ſhared her friendſhip, neglected to anſwer, by return of poſt, the fond epiſtle that communicated the *cheriſhed ſorrows of refined ſentimentality*. In her ideas of excellence ſhe has a creation of her own. If the delicacy or elegance of any form ſhe has never ſeen is ſpoken of, ſhe ſtrips one of her imaginary angels of its plumes, and fancies ſhe beholds the picture. Talk of ſimplicity, and ſhe immediately imagines herſelf playing on a ruſtic pipe, by the margin of ſome chryſtal ſtream, and ſurrounded with flocks of lambkins, whiter than the ſnow, and decorated with wreathes of flowers: mention but innocence, and ſhe has her groop of ſmiling babes, whoſe cherub countenances charm the gloomy paſſions into reſt; and having once been introduced to a young lady, whoſe rural education in a diſtant

county,

county, had frequently been the object of converſation in a little circle, ſhe could not ſuppreſs her diſappointment and mortification, on finding that ſhe did not reſemble the fine engraving of an arcadian ſhepherdeſs, that decorated the chimney piece of her Bed Chamber.

Such is the character of Beatiſſa, and whether we ſhall ſay, in the language of predeſtination, that her perſon was caſt in the mould of correſponding eccentricity; or in the more rational ſtile of phyſiognomy, that her imagination has communicated its ſingularity to her perſon, certain it is, that the frontiſpiece is moſt excellently calculated to anticipate the contents of the volume: her form being ſmall, ſlender, and ſingularly delicate—or, rather (if I may uſe ſuch an expreſſion) peculiarly fanciful. Her very diminutive features are yet prominent, and ſtrongly marked. Her waſte, wriſts, and ancles, taper almoſt to evaneſſence, and the curves of her proportionably long limbs flow more according

according to the fanciful rules of ideal grace, than any thing I ever ſaw in nature. In ſhort, ſhe is a perfect living copy of Fuſeli's fairies: and whoever has ſeen the figure of Gloriana, by that painter, will be at no kind of loſs to picture her to his imagination.

When Beatiſſa was about fifteen years of age, ſhe firſt conceived a violent *platonic* affection for young Rovemore, and endeavoured, by every lure of female blandiſhment, to inſpire a return of the ſame *frigid ardour*.—Rovemore, who is a ſtrange compound of ſtudious gravity, and irreſolute levity, and one of thoſe who has the *misfortune* to be viſited with certain *groſs excreſcences* of conſtitution, called animal appetites, was not, however, a very apt platonic ſcholar. It is true, he very ſhortly conceived the moſt *ardent* and *inviolable* affection for the tender Platoniſt; as, indeed, in the courſe of the year and half preceding, he had for no leſs than *ſix* or *eight* of her ſex, ſucceſſively; and to her,

her, as formerly to others, he ſoon began to pour forth the moſt ardent vows of eternal conſtancy, and to addreſs every tender attention calculated to intereſt the heart of youthful beauty. But, unfortunately for Rovemore, in the whole courſe of his reading, he had never met with the aforeſaid treatiſe of the divine Plato; and, if he had, it is very likely that his conviction of the beauties of that celeſtial ſyſtem, by which the paſſions of his enamoretta had been ſublimated, might not have been ſufficiently ſtrong to counteract the inſtinctive whiſpers of thoſe terreſtrial particles which had intruded themſelves into his compoſition. As the lover, however, never objected to the platonic ſentiments which, in fact, he did not underſtand, the moſt tender familiarities of courtſhip were for a conſiderable time encouraged. Beatiſſa was wretched whenever ſhe was long ſeparated from her Rovemore; and he, in return, never enfolded the ſlender waiſt of Beatiſſa, but he imagined *himſelf* the moſt fervent and conſtant

conſtant of lovers, and *her* the moſt beautiful of her ſex.—It is true, when ſhe was abſent, he could ſometimes feel ſomething like the ſame kind of tenderneſs for others; but he would generally, after ſuch temporary wanderings, chide back his fickle affections, and, denying himſelf the bleſſing of repoſe, atone for his infidelity in a tender epiſtle of five pages of foolſcap; repeating, with ample intereſt, to the lovely viſionary, all the vows he had been pouring into the credulous ear, by the ſide of which chance, or tranſient inclination, had placed him the preceding evening.

This courtſhip continued for a conſiderable time, when Beatiſſa, with whoſe Platonic ſyſtem a little coquetry was not at all inconſiſtent, and who was, perhaps, offended at ſome appearances of *terreſtrial* warmth in the letters and ſonnets of her admirer, began, all at once, to affect a degree of coyneſs, which ſhe expected would wound the mental feelings of her

ſwain.

ſwain. But in this expectation ſhe was a little diſappointed. The wavering affections of Rovemore had already changed their object; and his heart was now devoted to the fair Veneſſa, who, with ſome advantages in point of majeſty of perſon, poſſeſſed alſo a heart of more warmth and ſimplicity, together with a certain glow and languiſhment of countenance, which, when not affected, and when tempered with becoming modeſty, never fails to faſcinate the generality of our ſex. He was, therefore, on this account, glad of the opportunity of being rid of an amour in which he had raſhly engaged too far, and of devoting to his Veneſſa all the vows and attentions which hitherto ſhe had only ſhared with the blooming viſionary —The fickle gallant, accordingly, ſo long as Veneſſa remained in town, continued to triumph in his lucky emancipation from a raſh engagement, and to turn into ridicule, among his confidential friends, thoſe tender aſſurances of my heroine's partiality, which had formerly been

been his pride and delight: while ſhe, on the other hand, pined like the widowed turtle of the grove, and lamented that her chaſte paſſion was not returned with the beatific fervour ſhe had hoped to experience.

But the deſertion of a lover is ſeldom a ſource of durable affliction, while youth and beauty remain for newer conqueſts. The fair Platoniſt conſoled herſelf for her diſappointment, by playing off the whole artillery of pathetic ſentiment and captivating glances upon the youthful Archer; with whom I was alſo rather intimately acquainted; and who, as he was juſt at that age when it is common for the youthful fancy to be roving from flower to flower, through the parterre of beauty, was for awhile attracted by her charms, to flutter obſequiouſly around her, and inhale the balmy fragrance of her ſighs. Archer was, however, a ſtill more intractable ſcholar than his predeceſſor. His paſſion had ſo little of the Platonic, that the perſon

perſon of his miſtreſs ſeemed the only object of his attachment. Nor was even this charm of any long duration. Diſguſted rather than converted by the incomprehenſible refinement of my heroine, he ſhortly permitted his heart to rove to a more congenial beauty, whoſe languiſhing eye and more protuberant lip, promiſed a richer banquet to his ſenſes. This would, probably, have been no ſmall mortification to the tender viſionary, had it not ſo happened that Veneſſa, juſt at this time, departed from London, (where ſhe had, together with her parents, taken up her temporary reſidence), and that a ſevere indiſpoſition, with which Rovemore was ſhortly after afflicted, gave her a fair pretence for accompanying her mother (for there was a long ſtanding intimacy between the families) in a friendly viſit of enquiry and condolence.

Beatiſſa is really, at bottom, one of the beſt natured creatures alive; and, as ſhe had read in novels and romances of heroines

roines attending the couches of dying ſwains, ſhe reſolved to uſe the privilege of ancient amity, and play the part of a nurſe to her drooping friend. This ſhe did with ſo much tenderneſs, that Rovemore, ſoon forgetting the vows of eternal conſtancy, with which he had dried the eyes of Veneſſa, at her departure, began to feel his former tenderneſs return, and ſcrupled not, in the hyperbole of flattering paſſion, to vow that his indiſpoſition was purely the effect of uneaſineſs at the loſs of her regard.—The tender Beatiſſa liſtened and believed. The melancholy tale penetrated her heart with ſomething more of ſoftneſs, perhaps, than was conſiſtent with her philoſophical ſyſtem. She reclined her glowing cheek upon the pillow of ſickneſs, and watered it with her tears; which he as pathetically endeavoured to dry with his enamoured lips; and thus commenced the ſecond part of the farce of Rovemore and Beatiſſa.

It ſo happened that, by an effort of Nature, the health of the lover was ſuddenly reſtored. This he had the art to perſuade not only Beatiſſa, but himſelf alſo, was entirely to be attributed to the tenderneſs of his blooming nurſe: nay, he even went ſo far as to be almoſt offended with me, becauſe I refuſed my credulity to the ſame miraculous creed.

Their intercourſe was now more frequent, and of a more tender nature than ever; and the viſionary maid, who imagined herſelf ſecure in the cold maxims of Plato, did not always reſtrain ſuch familiarities of confidence, as (however innocent in themſelves) the prudent maiden, who profeſſed even a paſſion of more ſimplicity and warmth, would be cautious of indulging. In ſhort, I would adviſe all *Platonic* damſels, at leaſt, who have not yet attained their fiftieth year, to beware how they approach ſo near the borders of terreſtrial paſſion; leſt, in the unguarded hour, inſulted Nature ſhould vindicate her rights in

in ſuch a manner as ſhould barb with the bitter poignancy of ridicule, the cruel ſhafts of Remorſe and Shame.

But how ſincere and inviolable ſoever might be the attachment of the gallant, when my heroine was preſent, they no oftener ſeparated than his vows to Veneſſa, and the many inſtances of her *artleſs* affection, crowded on his mind: and he reſolved, though he had violated that part of his promiſe which related to the ſettled conſtancy of his affection, not to neglect the other, which was to aſſure her frequently by letter of the unalterable tenderneſs of his heart. Thus, it was no uncommon thing for him to ſpend the evening in vows and gentle dalliance with Beatiſſa, and ſit up all night to "pour his tender ſoul upon the page meant as the moving meſſenger of love," to his diſtant Dulciana.

At length the heroine of my tale withdrew to one of the watering places; for the

the recovery of her health!—or, perhaps, to fortify the Platonic reſolution which ſeemed, for ſome time, to have been melting rapidly away. Her letters, accordingly, became, by due degrees, more and more refined from the ſemblance of earthly paſſion, and were filled again with nothing but *Chaſte endearments of enamoured ſpirits, Virgin uniſon of ſouls ſublimed, Love refined from ſenſe's groſs alloy*, and the like. And at laſt, in anſwer to a moſt paſſionate billet (in which the ſubject was preſſed with, perhaps, more ardour than prudence—conſidering that the writer had not, in his own mind, made his final election between the two objects of his adoration,—and conſidering alſo that his heart was rather more inclined to Veneſſa of the two) ſhe very explicitly unfolded her ſentiments; vowed *by the chaſte ſpirits that inhabit the Moon's cold orbit, and the celeſtial Genii, who know not the groſs paſſions of mortality, ſhe could wiſh to devote her life with him to the pure intercourſe of ſoul with ſoul*, but gave him to underſtand, that as her boſom,

refined

refined from all the vulgar droſs of ſenſe, could never condeſcend to entertain a groſs terreſtrial paſſion, ſhe muſt never ſee or hear from him again, if he did not utterly diſcard all ſuch indelicate ideas.

Rovemore no ſooner read this curious epiſtle than he burſt into immoderate laughter; diſcovered, in an inſtant, that he had never cared a *ſous* for Beatiſſa, more than for every pretty female that fell in his way; and, reflecting how embarraſſing a ſituation he ſhould have been in had ſhe accepted the ſerious proffer he had ſo lightly made, bleſſed himſelf at his eſcape, and ſat himſelf down to anſwer her in her own ſtrain. He aſſured her, that as he had a longing deſire to underſtand the ſublime nature of the pure intercourſe of ſoul with ſoul, he hoped, when he had the happineſs to be a celeſtial Genius, or one of thoſe chaſte ſpirits (lunatics he ſuppoſed ſhe meant) who inhabit the cold orbit of the moon, that it would be his propitious fate to be placed under her care and

tuition; when he had no doubt but that he ſhould be perfectly at her ſervice, to anſwer her paſſion on the terms propounded in her ſeraphic compoſition.

Beatiſſa, I have good reaſon to believe, has ſince ſucceſſively repeated the experiment of inſpiring a *celeſtial paſſion* on a variety of characters, and all with the ſame effect: but, undiſmayed by repeated diſappointments, ſhe will, I make no doubt, ſtill purſue the ſame deluſive phantom, till a ſplendid equipage, or the artful inſinuations of ſome Iriſh adventurer, ſhall be eloquent enough to convince her of her error.

THE OBELISK.

"AT length," ſaid Julian, pointing to this monument of domeſtic feuds, "we are approaching towards ſomething that may furniſh matter for our contemplation; not

not indeed by the grandeur of the object preſented to the eye; for that is inſignificant enough; and to an obſerver, who is at all acquainted with the records of Roman, Grecian, or Egyptian grandeur, can only ſerve as a memorial of the inferiority of modern art, and excite a ſmile at our puny efforts of pretended imitation.

"The pigmy weakneſs of modern effort turns ancient record into ſcepticiſm; and, if it were not for the majeſtic fragments which ſtill ſurvive the ravages of time, we ſhould be inclined to rank the wonders of early architecture, with the romantic tales of knight-errantry and enchantment."

"But with whatever indifference," ſaid Ambulator, "the architect may ſurvey this little obeliſk, the memorial it bears cannot fail to impreſs the mind of the hiſtorian and politician with ſerious and awful reflection; and the moraliſt—the friend of humanity, as he treads the ſepulchral ground, by which it is encircled cannot

but ſhudder to reflect, over the aſhes of how many thouſands of his countrymen he is treading. Each of us, perhaps, now approaching the once-enſanguined ſcene, may trample upon the duſt that was formerly the bone and ſinew of ſome bold anceſtor —ſome Yorkiſt or Lancaſtrian partizan— (or ſome retainer, more properly, of the imperious barons by whom the reſpective puppets were upheld,) who, fired with the impious rage of party rancor, glutted on this ſpot his rebellious fury in kindred blood, and expired in acts of parricide."

Accurs'd remembrance of inteſtine rage!
Lo! friend with friend, and kin with kin engage!
Then frantic Britain arts and laws forſook,
Let ploughſhares ruſt, and broke the paſtoral crook;
While harpy Diſcord wak'd the brazen ſound,
Whoſe ſavage blaſt each ſocial feeling drown'd,
And call'd her hinds, in each fierce baron's train,
To ſpread a bloody harveſt o'er the plain;
With War's dread ſcythe the horrent fields to mow,
And lay the boaſt of human virtue low
At each ſtern Maſter's feet, whoſe fickle pride
Waver'd, in direful doubt, from ſide to ſide;
As intereſt prompts (but dimly underſtood)
As private pique, or daring thirſt of blood,
As ſordid bribes, or harlot ſmiles inſpire,
Or ſpleenful Humour whets the fatal ire,

Each

Each brutal chieftain arms, with impious joy,
And feels the dire ambition to deſtroy:
Thro' kindred ranks red Slaughter breaks their way,
And pomps of heraldry their crimes diſp'ay.
See, helm on helm, and thronging ſhield on ſhield,
With proud devices darken all the field;
From ſword to ſword the beamy horror plays,
And from throng'd lances waſting lightnings blaze;
While high in air the threatning banners ſpread,
The white roſe here, and there the flaunting red.
The dire alarm prophetic vultures ſound,
And groaning myriads glut the purple ground;
While titled heroes hence their honours claim,
And float on vaſſal blood to impious fame.
"O! thou, fond Many!" what hadſt thou to do
In kindred blood the corſlet to imbrue?
Ah! what avail'd the name the tyrant bore
Who trod your necks, or tax'd your hard-earn'd ſtore?
One orphan'd babe defenceleſs left to ſigh,
One briny tear that waſh'd the widow'd eye,
If juſtly weigh'd, had wak'd a ſharper pain
Than Edward's exile, or than Henry's chain.
But York's nor Lancaſter's proud claims ye knew:
For humbler tyrants ye the falchion drew.
As herds to ſlaughter by their owners led,
Dumb, and unconſcious of the cauſe, ye bled:
The *titled ruffian* the pretence ſupplied;
And as *he* frown'd the abject million died:
Each petty Jove, their madneſs to inflame,
Shouts the dread thunder of his worſhip'd name;
His blazon'd Ægis ſhakes; and thick they fall,
Till univerſal Darkneſs threatens all:—
O'er all the realm one night of Horror lowers,
And huge Deſtruction, unreſtrain'd, devours;

With ſtride exulting ſtalks around the coaſt,
And ſnuffs the offerings of each vaſſal hoſt!
O, frantic England! prodigal of blood!
What ſtygian fury urg'd this impious mood—
To rend thy entrails thus?—while foreign foes
With grim delight behold thy ſavage woes—
See, with proud joy, thy own victorious ſword
Turn'd on thy breaſt, with wilful fury gor'd,
While the gaunt ſpectre of thy *Martial Fame*
Fleets, like a Ghoſt, a wandering, empty name,
Self ſlain, and doom'd thro' all the deſert land
To howl her guilt, and curſe her frantic hand!
So, hapleſs Britain! in a later age,
I ſee thy *ſword* againſt they *Rights* engage;
See thee, in mad deluſion, blindly pour
Devoted armies on a foreign ſhore
To aid the cauſe of tyranny, and buy
Th' inglorious fetters freemen ſhould deſtroy;
Blind to the ſchemes by artful ſtateſmen plann'd!
And Britiſh Freedom falls on Gallia's ſtrand:
Self-ſlain ſhe falls in wild, miſguided zeal,
And German Deſpots whet the fatal ſteel;
Then ſhout triumphant; to their legions call,
And hail the approaching hour of Britain's fall.
Nor yet content might Titled Rage appear,
Nor ſtop at Murder in her mad career:
In bolder Crimes their feudal Pride prevail'd:
Fair Faith is ſlain; and Heaven itſelf aſſail'd.
See: on the ſword yet ſtain'd with Yorkiſt blood,
The changing hero, in indignant mood,
Allegiance ſwears to York's expiring cauſe,
And back to life the ſhrinking Faction draws:
While he who late, the *white roſe* on his creſt,
Gor'd ſtruggling Lancaſter's aſpiring breaſt,

Now

Now ſtops the blood; recals the fleeting breath;
And vows to York's proud race diſmay and death.
Now, front to front, in threatning wrath, behold
Thoſe painted targets and thoſe helms of gold,
Erewhile whoſe proud devices, ſide by ſide,
Throng'd the ſame field, in amity allied;
And he who late o'er ſome half-vanquiſh'd friend
Ruſh'd the firm ſhield's protection to extend,
Now barb'd with vengeance wings the thirſty dart,
Or bathes his falchion in the ſuppliant's heart.
No link of Friendſhip binds; no kindred tie;
And oaths in vain their feeble aid ſupply:
Nor pious awe, nor bond of Faith controls;
(Limbs cas'd in ſteel, and adamantine ſouls!)
Again they change, their broken leagues reſtore,
And ſeal new perjuries in new ſtreams of gore.
Their ready ſlaves with blind obedience turn;
Change as they change, and as they dictate burn;
In either cauſe with equal zeal deſtroy;
Pleas'd if their Lords the ſavage Fame enjoy.
Chief of theſe noble locuſts, in its rage
Sent by offended Heaven to ſcourge the age,
Stern Warwick, proud in brutal might, appears
Hemm'd round with ſlaughters, devaſtations, fears.
His raging breath, omnipotent in ill!
Is drawn to ſtifle, and but flows to kill;
Tyrants to tyrants in ſucceſſion riſe:—
His voice creates them; and his frown deſtroys.
Behold him now the cauſe of Edward own,
And lift the gaudy pageant to the throne;
That ſo the boy (whoſe vices ſpeak his birth)
Sprung from the *Imperial Spoilers of the Earth!*
With England's treaſures, and with England's dames
May ſoothe his follies, and indulge his flames—

O'erwearied Toil's extorted produce waſte
In ſcenes of riot, and laſcivious taſte;—
Tear from the aged Matron's widow'd ſide
(Widow'd perhaps to prop his regal pride!)
The virgin treaſure of her daughter's charms,
To lie polluted in imperial arms;—
Or doom the Huſband, in the bloom of youth,
To mourn the pangs of unrewarded truth,
With guiltleſs ſhame his branded forehead hide,
And mourn in widow'd ſheets a living bride,
While the proud tyrant, whom his wealth ſuſtains,
Feaſts on his wrongs, and riots in his pains.
But ſcenes like theſe the *milder* woes diſplay
That mark the ravages of kingly ſway:
And panting Britain, worn with ſlaughtering toils,
Amid theſe humbler crimes indulgent ſmiles:—
Pleas'd the ſhort ray of tranſient Peace to gain,
O'erlooks the *princely* vices in her train,
And deems it bliſs nought heavier to ſupport
Than the *lewd paſtimes* of a waſteful court.

But, lo! in tears another Helen came:
With tears of oil to feed the dying flame,
Renew the waſting fires of Civil Rage,
And give to Slaughter's reign another age.
The Britiſh Paris feaſts his wanton ſoul
(For what are Kings, if Reaſon muſt control!)
Fearleſs of injur'd Nevil's dangerous ire,
Hail's the fair ſovereign of an hour's deſire;
And Civil Diſcord lights the Nuptial Fire.

Stern Warwick heard, as from the Gallic ſhore
His proſperous ſail the plighted princeſs bore.
He heard: and like a thunderbolt he came,
That ſtrikes ſome reverend Abbey's Gothic frame,
And while convulſive Nature rocks around,
Lays it a ſmoking ruin on the ground.

(Its ſtately fanes, its pageant trophies torn
And all that diſtant ages vainly mourn,)
While proſtrate crowds that worſhip in the quire,
Cruſh'd in the hideous ſhock, with unheard groans expire.
Behold, again, from Power's polluted ſeat,
The vain, ungrateful libertine retreat;
While monkiſh Henry, with his haughty queen,
(Wanton her heart, and inſolent her mien!)—
This call'd from exile, that the dungeon's gloom,
Again the fickle diadem aſſume,
And his ſtern power with grateful tranſport hail,
Who turn'd ſo oft their ſanguine faction pale.
Poor groaning land whom equal ills betray
Beneath an idiot's or a tyrant's ſway!
Thy people ſlaves; a proud, but powerleſs throne,
Propp'd by the nobles' force, and not its own;
Thoſe nobles, loſt, as all vain nobles are
To every liberal patriotic care!
Honour the excluſive name with which they grace
The pompous vices of their ſelfiſh race!
Scorning the crowd upon whoſe necks they ride!
Dead to each ſenſe, but luſt and giddy pride!
For them in War our wealth—our blood we ſhow'r,—
And what War ſpares their Luxuries devour!—
Their gaudy crimes how long ſhall Britain brook,
Ere her bold offspring ſnap the galling Yoke?
Their ſwords again the factious Barons draw—
"Swords and ſtrong arms their conſcience and their law!"
For faithleſs Edward ſtill a hoſt attends,
Whoſe intereſts, or whoſe paſſions are his friends.
Here, to this ſpot—whoſe guilty turf appears
Manur'd with blood and wet with orphans' tears;
And ſtill where hovering ghoſts, with boding ſtrain,
To Fancy's ear of cruel Fate complain,

That urg'd them, for Ambition's ruthleſs ſtrife,
To ſlight each fond regard of ſocial life;
To leave unpropp'd a parent's hoary age,
In ſome proud chieftain's quarrel to engage;
For midnight marches and the din of arms,
To fly the virgin's yet untaſted charms;
Or leave the widow o'er her babe to mourn,
And weep for joys that never muſt return!
While they (what furies human boſoms tear!)
Bled for the chains the riſing race ſhould wear.—
—Here, to this ſpot, the raging ſquadrons throng,
While kindred hate drives each fierce hoſt along,
And banner'd omens, gleaming thro' the air,
The direful iſſue of the day declare.
Two raging dog-ſtars, ſcattering plagues and death,
Flame in their van, and ſcorch the blaſted heath;
This, darting far, its coruſcations ſends,
And all around deſtroys—or foes, or friends.
With like contag'on ſtrikes the random fire,
Till all extinct the fatal flame expire:
While that, ſtill raging with inſatiate blaze,
Pours, in collected wrath, its blaſting rays;
Shakes o'er the foe its red deſtroying hair,
That ſheds infectious horror and deſpair;
Exhauſtleſs flames with peſtilential ire,
And floods the enſanguin'd field with one widewaſting fire.
Such the dire omens through the lowering ſky,
That o'er the hoſtile legions wave on high:
For thus, while Death ſhrieks out the hideous yell,
And hovering furies chaunt the direful ſpell,
Grim o'er their looms the fatal ſiſters weave,
And fiends of Havock the dire webs receive;
Then haſte, and, ſhrieking, with portentous glare,
O'er the ſtern ranks the threat'ning ſignals bear;

Sound

Sound the loud blaſt; the general carnage hail;
And wait the incenſe of the tainted gale.
Too ſoon, alas! that tainted gale ſhall riſe,
Clogg the griev'd air, and blot the weeping ſkies!
For, lo! they meet: wounds anſwering wounds they deal,
Strain the tough Yew, and drench the murd'rous ſteel;
Thro' kindred bands the mace—the falchion hew,
Loud ſtrokes reſound, and dying groans purſue;
Stones, ſpears, and darts in ſlaughtering tempeſts rain,
And helms and hauberks ſheathe the ranks in vain,—
Heralds in vain the trophied targe ſupply,
Cleft ſhields and broken lances uſeleſs lie,
While roll promiſcuous o'er the trampled plain,
Steeds, arms, and men—the dying and the ſlain.
The martial Spirit of Britannia's Iſles—
(Whoſe brandiſh'd lightnings aid her *patriot* toils—
Whoſe ſteady hand, when Truth contends with Might,
Uplifts the ballance of eternal right;
And, when in awful panoply array'd,
Indignant Freedom claims her guardian aid,
Deſcends in terrors to the warrior maid;
With Heaven's own thunders aids the ſacred cauſe,
And proud Ambition's tyrant boſom awes!)—
Shock'd with a ſcene where *Violence* and *Pride*
And *Perjur'd Guilt* alone for empire vied,
In darker folds her ſea green mantle ſpread,
And veil'd the beaming glories of her head;
Call'd from the impious ſcene her bands away,
And left to warring fiends the doubtful day:
(As tho' to ſcourge the factious race inclin'd,
And leave a dread memorial to mankind!)
The warrior cherubin her call obey;
Their flaming falchions ſheathe, their wings diſplay,
And ſeek the realms of empyrean day:

Yet, lingering, oft, with backward glance, deplore
The long-protected haunts of Albion's rocky ſhore.
With clouded radiance, and abated fires,
Weſtward, meanwhile, the ſickening ſun retires;
Involves his brow to ſhun the ſlaughtering ſight;
And Night and Chaos threat the cloſing fight—
When now blind Chance, not Juſtice, lifts the ſcales;
And Edward's fortune in the ſtrife prevails;
For Warwick, bent with one deciſive blow
To ſtrike deep terror in the yielding foe,
Calls his choice band (who yet inactive lay
To watch the changing fortunes of the day)
With ſudden aid his phalanx to ſuſtain,
Inſpire the drooping, and replace the ſlain;
When, lo! the banners flaming in the rear,
And ſhouts loud echoing in the ſtartled ear,
(Thro' clouds of duſt while doubtful meteors gleam)
To the gall'd ranks a hoſtile ambuſh ſeem:
Loud cries of vengeance ſpeak their brave deſpair:
Raging they turn; as wolves their hunters tear:—
Or as the Elephant, whoſe giant might
Is arm'd by Nature for reſiſtleſs fight,
His haughty rage by martial art increas'd,
Tramples the myriad armies of the eaſt—
Then (gall'd with wounds, and frantic with his pain)
Turns on his friends; aſſails the ſhrinking train;
And with promiſcuous carnage ſtrews the plain.
So turns the tide of this diſaſtrous day,
And their own ſwords the Earl's fierce ſquadrons ſlay;
Friend falls by friend, on comrades comrades charge;
And raging Devaſtation ſtalks at large—
O'er hills of ſlain his limbs enormous rears,
Joins the loud ſhout, and thunders in their ears;
Calls to their deſtin'd feaſt his vulture brood;
Whets his keen fangs, and bathes his lips with blood;

While

While frighted Pity, ſhrieking o'er the plain,
Bares her white breaſt, and wrings her hands in vain.
While thus the "Dogs of War," with wild deſpair,
Thoſe who "let ſlip" their furious havoc tear,
The bated chief, who ſtain'd his tuſks with gore,
"And made the foreſts tremble with his roar,"
Among his hunters long, indignant, ſtands
O'er the ſtrew'd wreck of his diſorder'd bands;
This way and that the deathful fury deals,
And tenfold rage his hopeleſs pangs reveals;
Reſolv'd, and furious, in this cloſing ſtrife
To crown the ſavage ſlaughters of his life;
Till, fate-commiſſion'd, flies the thirſting dart,
Drives thro' his breaſt, and quivers in his heart.—
Here, on this ſpot, perhaps, where now I tread,
Writhing in death his mighty limbs were ſpread;
And while his vaſſals, prodigal of blood,
Pour'd on his tyrant corſe the vital flood,
And kept alive the dying flame of fight
Till added deaths appeas'd his ſullen ſprite,
In duſt and blood ſob'd forth that fiery ſoul
Earth could not hold, and Heaven could ſcarce control.

The inſcription on this little Obeliſk, contains nothing more than a mere ſtatement of fact and chronology; but chronology is ſo very important for the right underſtanding of hiſtory, and names and dates are ſo difficult of retention, that I muſt own, it would give me conſiderable ſatisfaction if, on every ſpot throughout the

the kingdom where any memorable tranſaction had taken place, a little ſquare pillar, like the preſent, were erected, with ſome ſuch brief and ſimple narrative, for the information of the traveller.

Here was fought the famous Battle between Edward IV. and the Earl of Warwick, April 14th, Ann. 1471, in which the Earl was defeated and ſlain.

By another inſcription on the weſt ſide, we are informed that the obeliſk itſelf was erected A. D. 1640.

SHAKSPERE.—HENRY VI.

WHILE my friend Ambulator was buſied in taking down this inſcription, I obſerved by the attitude and countenance of Julian, that ſomething had come acroſs his

his fancy, with which he was not a little diverted; and I accordingly enquired what it was.

"Do you not remember," ſaid he, with a ſmile, "the ſuperb entertainment which this battle has formerly afforded us; when poor Lucio, with a crown of gilt paper, and a rolling pin for a truncheon, played the part of King Edward, and yourſelf (the *locum tenens* of the illuſtrious Warwick) mounted on an old writing deſk, with a cap of pink ſtuff upon your head, and a robe of the ſame commodity (trimmed with tinſel lace and rabbit ſkin) over your ſhoulders, held awful parley, previous to the conflict, from behind an old blanket that repreſented the walls of the caſtle?"

The alluſion, ludicrous as it was, awakened far other emotions in my mind than thoſe which are productive of laughter. The tricks, the eccentricities, and the ambition of my childiſh years, ſeemed

to

to be again revived; and from the ſingularities and attachments, which to worldly-minded friends were the objects of alarm and regret, I amuſed myſelf with tracing every improvement of ſentiment and underſtanding (ſuch as they are) to which I may conſider myſelf as indebted for the friendſhips and connections that conſtitute the preſent happineſs of my life.—A fondneſs for poetical hyperbole, and the ſtrong painting of theatrical paſſion, may excite the cenſure of thoſe who eſteem "Cocker's Arithmetic" the only aſſiſtant to reſpectability; and the mere matter-of-fact man may ſneer at thoſe repreſentations of nature, which neither the Change nor the Coffee-houſe have ever preſented; but ſtudies of this deſcription certainly enlarge the heart, cheriſh the tender feelings of ſympathy and compaſſion, inſpire a noble pride and magnanimity of character, and frequently even aſſiſt us in forming a proper eſtimate of thoſe objects, in whoſe purſuit our fellow-creatures are engaged: an eſtimate, without which proſperity may indeed

indeed be attained, but happineſs can never be expected.

Of the many paſſages of Shakſpere that have this evident tendency, the ſpeech of Warwick, after having received his mortal wound from the ſword of Edward, deſerves to be particularly inſtanced. It poſſeſſes, I remember, though certainly much too long for the condition of the ſpeaker, many ſtriking beauties, and breathes, in particular, that juſt and impreſſive ſpirit of morality, which the fine genius of Shakſpere (whenever he was ſo inclined) was ſkilled ſo emphatically to enforce. A part of it, if my memory ſerves me correctly, is as follows—

"The wrinkles on my brow, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly ſepulchres;
For who reign'd king, but I could dig his grave?
And who dared ſmile when Warwick bent his brow?—
Lo! now, my glories ſmeer'd in duſt and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Ev'n now forſake me; and, of all my lands
Is nothing left me but my body's length."

As

As a moraliſt, I am ſure I can add nothing to theſe ſentiments; but I may venture to obſerve, that the lines are truly Shakſperian; and indeed notwithſtanding all that the critics (with ſome appearance of juſtice) have ſaid againſt the three plays that bear the name of the unfortunate Henry, there are, in all of them, ſeveral paſſages that ſhew the *touches*, at leaſt, of the maſterly hand of our dramatic bard."

RURAL SCENERY.

THE aſpect of the road we now entered upon; the ſcenery it commands, and indeed the whole face of the ſurrounding country, is widely diverſified from what we had hitherto experienced. Thus far (to the ſeperation of roads marked by this little recording monument) we had obſerved little more than that dulneſs and formality which

which the metropolis diffuſes, to a conſiderable diſtance through all the principal roads which convey her vices and follies to the diſtant provinces. But we were now fairly advanced beyond the boundaries of Commercial Retirement, and beheld no longer in the fields, the hedges, and the garden grounds, the triumphs of city elegance over the wild charms of nature.

Kit's End, the little ſtraggling hamlet through which we were now paſſing, ſtands bluſhing by the way ſide, in all the ſimplicity of ruſtic innocence: a nymph of humble and unadorned allurements, whoſe garb and whoſe demeanor ſufficiently aſſure us of her paſtoral origin, and excite the pleaſing reflection that London, that gloomy, but pompous, monument of departed ſimplicity!—London, that grave of health and picturesque beauty!—London, that buſy haunt of avarice, diſſipation, and deception, is left far behind, with all its gay impertinences and its cares. In ſhort, to

ſpeak.

ſpeak a leſs figurative language, the ſerpentine direction which the road here aſſumes (and which continues even to the very end of our deſtined excurſion) the ſucceſſion of acclivity and deſcent, the thick and frequent ſhade of trees, ſmiling in all their native exuberance of ſpray and foliage, and the modeſt little cottages peeping out occaſionally from under their more towering branches, like the primroſe under the thorn (to adopt the beautiful ſimile of Goldſmith) all conſpired to awaken thoſe calm ſenſations—thoſe ſerene and tender impreſſions of the benificence of the Creator, and thoſe retired and ſoothing reflections, in which the ſtill voice of unrepented rapture whiſpers to the attentive heart.

Theſe were the delights that were, in part, the objects of our reſearch: but of theſe we had been in ſearch in vain, till the little village of Kit's End, and the inviting proſpect of the little ivy-mantled tower of the church at South Mims,

Mims, which it commands, preſented themſelves to our eyes.

This had been the ſcene of ſome of the boyiſh paſtimes of my friend Julian; and I beheld, as we approached, his eyes ſparkle with all that inſtinctive gladneſs which the ſcenes that revive the memory of our infantile felicity never fail to inſpire; and while he pointed out to us the beauties he had ſo often admired, our hearts, ſympathiſing in all his pleaſures, furniſhed an argument too forcible for all the ſophiſticated philoſophers in the world to have perverted, that man is by nature a ſocial, not a ſolitary animal.

THE LONDON SPORTSMEN.—AN ANECDOTE.

IT muſt not, however, be ſuppoſed that all the buildings in this little village are of this humble and ruſtic deſcription.—

There

There is one houſe, in particular, on the left hand ſide, juſt beyond the firſt ſerpentine curve of the road, which has all the appearance of the retreat of trading opulence.

"That houſe," ſaid Julian, "which you ſee lifting its ſpruce head among theſe little cottages, like a gaudy tulip among the wild flowers of ſome artleſs hedgerow, was built by a man, formerly a wheelwright, who, having made a conſiderable fortune by his trade, pitched upon this charming little ſpot as the place of his retreat, where he might ſtill have been enjoying the fruits of his induſtry, but for an untoward accident, during my reſidence in this village. But having retired to this diſtance from the ſcene of his former avocations, he began to feel, perhaps, the want of employment; or it may be he conceived that the ſports of the field were neceſſary to ſupport the character of the *country gentleman*. Certain it is, that he became very much attached to his dog

and

and his gun, and indulged this fatal attachment to his coſt. For having one day perſuaded a tradeſman of his acquaintance, who was come to pay him a viſit, to partake in his favourite diverſion, the unpracticed ſportſman, as he was too eagerly croſſing a hedge in purſuit of his game, had the misfortune to diſcharge his piece involuntarily, and to lodge the contents in the incautious head of his hoſt: an additional admonition to mankind of the folly and danger of engaging in thoſe purſuits for which neither nature nor habit have ſupplied the requiſite endowments. Nor did the conſequences of this adventure terminate here. The unfortunate companion was ſo ſtruck with horror at the ſight of what he had inadvertently done, that he has been confined in a madhouſe ever ſince. He muſt, however," continued Julian, "from this circumſtance, have been a very weak man: for being perfectly innocent in his mind, I do not ſee why his mind ſhould have been at all diſturbed.—I cannot ſee why a perſon,

conſcious

conſcious of no degree of criminality, ſhould feel any degree of remorſe."

"Theoretically ſpeaking," ſaid Wentworth, "the Philoſopher is certainly in the right. Reaſon and Conſcience have nothing to condemn, in events that were involuntary and unforeſeen. But the fact is, that *Reaſon is not ſole Arbiter in the human mind.* Imagination has alſo a conſiderable ſhare in the enjoyment and perturbations of the ſoul: nor will her vivid impreſſions always ſubmit to the cool and regular deductions of Philoſophy. For my own part, I confeſs no circumſtance of my life ever diſturbed my tranquility ſo long, as having been the innocent cauſe of a fellow-creature committing the crime of ſuicide.—*Innocent?*—I was ſomething more than innocent; for in yielding to the honeſt indignation of my heart, and expoſing the horrid vices of a wretch who had endeavoured to ſeduce me to a participation of his guilt, I acted according to the dictates of my conſcience, and believed myſelf to be

be diſcharging a duty to ſociety. And yet, when the intelligence was brought me, that, to eſcape from the public infamy I had brought upon him, he had put a period to his exiſtence, I felt a thrilling horror creep through every vein; and ſcarcely could I cloſe my eyes again for many months, without having my imagination haunted with mangled corſes, graves, and charnel-houſes, and all the dreadful phantoms of a diſtempered brain."

SEATS, AND PLEASURE GROUNDS.

TO the left of this charming road, you are preſented with the delightful ſcenery of Derham Park; formerly a ſeat of the Earl of Albemarle, and now in the poſſeſſion of Captain Bethell, late in the Eaſt India ſervice; and who, at the expence of two thouſand pounds, has erected

a moſt ſuperb and elegant gateway; which, together with the embowered ſituation of the houſe, and the ſtile of the grounds, might tempt the moſt careleſs traveller to digreſs from the highway, and gratify a pleaſing curioſity.

Near to the ſame ſpot, but on the right hand ſide, and nearer to the road, is Wrotham Park, formerly the ſeat of the late much reſpected George Bing, Eſq. the frequent colleague of the apoſtate Wilkes (the alternate tool of faction and the court) in the repreſentation of the county of Middleſex; till the popular delirium, which followed the elevation of the preſent *profeſſing* miniſter to the ſeat of confidence and power, ejected him from the poſt of honor in favor of a trader in the chicanery of police. The manſion is at preſent occupied by the ſon of its late owner; to whom has reverted, alſo, the *family ſeat* in the Britiſh legiſlature, which caprice had for a while withheld; while the apoſtate demagogue (finding in his old

old age that opulence is better than fame) has retired into the *ſhade of oblivion*, to ſhun the *glances of contempt*.

Of the manſion at Wrotham, (a ſpacious building of red brick, with a handſome portico of ſtone) a complete view is commanded, *en paſſant*, from the road. The grounds, though extenſive, and advantageouſly ſituated, poſſeſs no very conſiderable degree of attraction.

From many points of obſervation the houſe is ſeen entirely naked on the brow of the hill, with no ſhadowy maſſes of foilage to relieve the eye. But this is a defect by no means peculiar to Wrotham. And, indeed, notwithſtanding the juſt and beautiful precepts of Maſon's Muſe, and all the pompous egotiſms of national vanity, I am very much inclined to think, that, with but few exceptions, the ſcience of Gardening, or, more properly, of improving landſcapes, is little better than a theory among us.

From hence we continued our courſe along a beautiful and romantic road, whoſe hills and curves, however they might lengthen the way, contributed, in no ſmall degree, to our entertainment; for diverſity is the charm of life: and how anxious ſoever we may be to ruſh ſtraight forward upon our object, the turnings and twiſtings which at times impede us, the ups and downs that add to the difficulty of attainment, give a higher zeſt to our enjoyments, and are frequently remembered with no inconſiderable triumph, when the pleaſure or advantage we purſued is reſigned by the ſatiated imagination.

From the next eminence, after paſſing the ſeat of Mr. Bing, is a view, to the right of North Mims place, pretty well embowered with wood; and on the declivity of this eminence, on the ſame ſide, there are ſome handſome white houſes, at a little diſtance from each other, which, though by no means magnificent, or diſplaying

playing any extraordinary degree of taſte, very agreeably diverſify the ruſticity of this part of the road. The firſt of theſe, in particular, the property of Mr. Harvey, is contraſted, juſt according to my taſte, with a cottage, whoſe humble wicket ſeems to invite the benevolence of its more opulent neighbours.—In ſhort, the ſcenery, at this ſpot, though deficient in extent of proſpect, is truly agreeable. The ſteepneſs of the road, the cluſter of trees ſheltering the winding path, the cultivated fields on the oppoſite ſide, and the rude lane ſloping along by the cottage garden, and conducting to the obſcure village of Ridge, all together form an agreeable contraſt to the extenſive and luxuriant proſpects ſo generally preſented upon this road. At leaſt to us every thing appeared delightful. But it is aſtoniſhing, when a man has been ſhut up between brick walls and glaſs windows for a few weeks, from every proſpect of nature, from what a miſerable patch of verdure and foilage he can receive delight!—O! "thou gay Green!

Thou ſmiling Nature's univerſal robe!" how is it that thou art ſo conſtituted, or, rather, by what curious conſtitution is it of the organ through which thou art recognized, that thou art enabled thus to feed, with inſatiable delight, the capricious ſenſe of man?

Thee, beauteous tint! our eyes with rapture view;
For ever common, yet for ever new!
With boundleſs joy purſue thy boundleſs ſhades,
And ever ſicken as thy freſhneſs fades.
Denied thy charms, how pines the drooping ſprite,
(Like the fond maid forbade her lover's ſight!)
What arts we try one tranſient glance to gain!
How wooe that tranſient glance with anxious pain!
Proud, and well-pleas'd with all our careful toil,
If but one window boaſt thy languid ſmile!

But thus it is with all the works of Creation—the organs and the objects are ſo accommodated, by Nature, throughout, and the abundance and the parſimony of her various productions ſo proportioned to the ſimple deſires of her children, that if every one does not enjoy in plenty what is moſt the object of his wiſhes, the fault is not in her, but in the inſtitutions of ſociety.

ſociety, or the voluntary perverſion of our own taſtes and habits. Avarice and Pride may wall out every bleſſing, till we are forced to procure them at extravagant prices, from the hot-bed of artifice, in ſcanty and imperfect portions: but Nature, if we would liſten to her, would teach us a wiſer leſſon.

THE INFORMER.

IT was in the midſt of this rural ſcenery that we were greeted by the drunken ſalutation of a man, whoſe appearance ſufficiently informed us of his condition in life. He was evidently a labouring mechanic—one of thoſe, you would have concluded, who, whenever a diſpute aroſe between the back and the belly, heſitated not to give a decided preference to the latter. His habit was ſomewhat ragged, but his cheek was ruddy, and the in-

ſpiring tankard gliſtened in his vacant eye.—" Surely," ſaid Ambulator, " while ſuch objects as theſe preſent themſelves, we may be induced to be rather ſparing in our animadverſions on the condition of the labouring poor. Rags and Wretchedneſs may naturally follow where Idleneſs and Inebriation lead the way, without any particular reproach to the inſtitutions of ſociety."—" Certainly!" ſaid I, " eſpecially in thoſe virtuous ages when the temptations to idleneſs and inebriation are never offered by the example of thoſe above; and as the temperate guardians of our laws *never* reel to the Treaſury Bench fluſhed with the vulgar luxuries of claret and champagne, they are undoubtedly juſtifiable in dooming to nakedneſs and *ſtarvation* the plebeian wretches who intoxicate now and then with the coſtly eſſences of malt and juniper.—Let me not be miſtaken: I will never be the advocate for the vices of any order of men: I wiſh not that they ſhould be without their puniſhment; and *nature* has taken ſufficient care that they

ſhould

ſhould not be ſo. But before we admit of ſo ſophiſticated a juſtification of ſyſtems and oppreſſions which Reaſon muſt condemn, we ought to aſſure ourſelves, with a little more accuracy, of the *frequency of the offence*; ſince in the thouſands of poor people who are daily preſented before us, we may be every now and then meeting with an example of drunkenneſs, though the inclination or the opportunity ſhould occur but very rarely to any of the reſpective individuals.—You tell me, perhaps, that every labourer who is clever, induſtrious, and ſober, may live with *comfort*. It is not neceſſary to obſerve in reply, that, perhaps, by ſobriety, you mean abſtenance; and by induſtry, working ſixteen hours in a day; as every labourer who has a family which he wiſhes decently to provide for, is frequently obliged to do, to the rapid injury of the animal frame, and the total negation of every ſocial enjoyment;—it is ſufficient for me to remind you, that the *comfort*, as you call it, thus procured, is attainable only by means of

the rareneſs of ſuch a combination; and that, if all were clever, ſober, and induſtrious, all could not thus procure it. Beſides, let us not forget that the maſs of men, in *every rank* of ſociety, have ſome little deficiency, in ſome, or all of theſe qualifications; and as it is for the maſs, and not for a few particular individuals, that laws and ſocial inſtitutions ought to be framed, let us at leaſt admit, that while the HIGHER orders, with all theſe imperfections on their heads, enjoy their *power*, their *luxuries*, and their *ſplendour*,—their *ſeats in the council*, and their *offices of command*, of *emolument*, and *confidence*, the LOWER ought certainly, upon the ſame terms, to be enabled to procure food and raiment."

"Add to this," ſaid Julian, "that THE PROFLIGACY OF THE POOR *is the greateſt evidence of a* VICIOUS GOVERNMENT. Manners, like water, do not riſe, but deſcend; and if the ſource be polluted, all muſt be noxious and foul; or, to adopt a ſtill more

more explicit illuſtration, it is impoſſible for the tree to be good, whoſe fruit is rank and vicious. Laws and political inſtitutions are the ſap that circulates through the branches, and upon them muſt the morals and taſtes (which are the fruit and foliage of ſociety) depend. Beſides, the atmoſphere of ſurrounding example becomes corrupted by the contagious vices of exorbitant opulence; and when the individuals whom we are called upon to *obey* and *reverence* are enabled, *without merit or exertion*, to gratify every inordinate appetite, and every wanton propenſity, the temptations of vice and folly become more frequent and importunate, and the principles that ſhould reſiſt them loſe their force. Nor muſt we forget, that as the means of procuring a livelihood become leſs eaſy; as the comforts and rational enjoyments of life become more precarious, it ſeems natural to man to graſp, with greater eagerneſs, at the preſent moment, and plunge into the follies that drown reflection. Bad government, therefore, like

every other ſpecies of peſtilence and national calamity, cannot fail to be productive of diſſolute manners."

While Julian was indulging himſelf in theſe reflections, Wentworth had entered into converſation with the object that had given riſe to them—"Well," ſaid he, "you muſt have your humour—but you are better off than moſt of your fellow citizens, I fancy, if you can live, and get drunk into the bargain. How many of your neighbours, think you, at this time, are in want of bread?"—"Why, for matter of that," anſwered he, "maſter, there be enough of them. But what of that—I beant afraid o' that—If ſo be I ſhould live another year, I ſhall have a ſnug matter of an eſtate, or ſo, which they can't keep me out of."—"And ſo you are tippling away upon the ſtrength of the expectation. Eating the chicken in the ſhell, my friend, ha! But if war and *œconomy* go on at this rate, may you not chance to be diſappointed, and find that your

your rates and taxes (as paddy expreſſes it) after deducting one-and-twenty ſhillings in the pound from your eſtate, have left you no other profit to live upon but the loſs. What will you do for tipple then?"—"Why—I muſt go and hang myſelf, I ſuppoſe."—"*Yourſelf*, friend! I ſhould be more afraid you ſhould change ſome of your preſent ſentiments, and begin to hang the richer rogues who had been the cauſes of your misfortunes."—"No," ſaid the tippler, "I would lay myſelf at their feet firſt to be trampled upon."—

"Degenerate raſcal!" exclaimed Ambulator. "What muſt be the ſlaviſh ſtupidity of a nation, when even a drunken individual could expreſs ſuch a ſentiment without a bluſh. Come, let us leave the ſlave. A heart ſo degenerate is not worth exploring."—Wentworth was of a different opinion.—"Come, come," ſaid he, "none of your falſe colours. I am horribly afraid you are no better than a Tom Paine's man; and that you only want

want to hide it by theſe violent profeſſions."

The ſimpleſt circumſtances are often important in developing the human character; and ſo it happened in the preſent inſtance: The fortunate railery of Wentworth proved the key that commanded the wards of ſecrecy, and layed open the deſpicable ſources of the ſentiments and vices of the ſtaggering varlet. He had been drinking at the expence of a company of *loyal*, or rather *royal* aſſociators—(for it ought to be remembered that the words, however they have of late been artfully confounded, are ſo far from being ſynonimous, that they in ſome reſpects ſtand in direct contradiſtinction to each other—*loyalty* being, in fact, no other than a virtuous *attachment to laws*, in oppoſition to the *ſlaviſh* principle of *implicit obedience to the arbitrary wills of kings and miniſters*).—At the expence of theſe *ſoi diſante* LOYAL *aſſociators*, however, he had been reaping the rewards of the *ſocial virtue of treachery*

—perhaps

—perhaps of *perjury*: for *informers for reward* are ſeldom, I am afraid, remarkably conſciencious: Bribery, villainous bribery! is the ſole ſtimulus of their conduct; and who, that had advanced already three parts of the way to the devil, would boggle about a ſtep or two to make himſelf the ſurer of the promiſed recompence.

This *virtuous* company (the pariſh officers, and court expectants of the diſtrict) had aſſembled for the pious purpoſes of eating a good dinner at the expence of thoſe whom bigotry, or dread of their diſpleaſure, might induce to ſubſcribe to their *anti-levelling* aſſociation; and of receiving ſuch informations relative to matters of "*ſedition*, *privy conſpiracy*, and *rebellion*; *falſe doctrine*, *hereſy*, and *ſciſm*," as "*envy*, *hatred*, and *malice*, and *all uncharitableneſs*," or as treachery and hypocriſy (two vices, if I recollect rightly, not quite ſo pointedly declaimed againſt by the canons of the liturgy) might be ſtimulated to bring againſt a certain ſect of wicked

wicked *heretics* and *atheiſts*, who are, in the preſent day, no more inclined to acknowledge the *infallibility* of the POPE OF ENGLAND, AND HIS CONCLAVE, than of the *tripple crown* and *mitres* aſſembled in the *Vatican at Rome*. Rewards and promiſes had ſpread the infection of hatred to this *impious ſect* into the workſhop of this unprincipled mechanic; and one of his comrades having ventured, in the courſe of converſation, to juſtify his anxiety for the ſucceſs of the preſent glorious ſtruggle of the republicans of France, by maintaining, with all his little ſtock of hiſtorical information, that kings and nobles were greater ſcourges to the earth than the tigers, hyenas, and rattle-ſnakes that infeſt it, he had ſeized on the firſt opportunity to inform againſt him as a leveller; dangerous to the government, and hoſtile to the conſtitution of his country. Conſcience and honour—or even a ſenſe of common ſecurity, would, it is true, have ſtartled at the idea of charges and condemnations, upon the evidence of extorted converſations

and

and replies to enſnaring queſtions; but the days of *Caligula* and *Sejanus* have taught another leſſon, and the *powers that be* are too much attached to *ancient preſident* to neglect ſo *imperial* an example. The *betrayer of private converſation* was rewarded, and the *deteſter of the butchering vices of tyrants* was doomed to perſecution and ruin.

THE OLD PEASANT.

"DETESTED villains!—Proud parochial tyrants!—And are theſe violators of all that endears ſociety the objects who are to monopolize your generoſity, while the oppreſſed mechanic groans in our ſtreets unpitied, and the aged and infirm, whoſe ſtrength has been exhauſted in the labours moſt important to the community, feel the oppreſſions of want and ſorrow accumulated

accumulated to the infirmities of years, and apply for relief in vain!—How different, my Wentworth!—oh, how different were the appearance, the ſentiments, and the fate of the honeſt unfortunate peaſant, whom (bending with age, and propping his feeble ſteps upon his hoe) we met upon Ewel common, on a late excurſion.—Do you not ſee him again in fancy—Does not the tear ſtart again into your eye, as he lifts his hat, in humble obeiſance, from his hairleſs forehead, as we approach him. Unmerited complacency! Why was that obeiſance paid to us. For aught you knew, poor victim! we might have been in the number of your oppreſſors; and that diſtinction of appearance which claimed your reverence, might have entitled us to your execration. But the bruiſed reed turns not upon its deſtroyer, but bends beneath the foot that tramples it; elſe what *proud Gentility!* in this inſolence of thy oppreſſion, what muſt be thy inſtant fate?—Poor old man! at ſuch a time of life to be doomed to wander from place to

place

place for employment, and be doomed to wander in vain! to be repulſed from every door, on account of thoſe infirmities which former toils and former ſorrows had brought upon thee; and to have thy appeals for charity retorted by the unfeeling malevolence of that upſtart opulence, which in thy better days had crouched to thee for obligations!"

"Your lamentation is intereſting;" ſaid Ambulator; "but you forget that here are two of us unacquainted with the ſtory it alludes to."—"It is ſhort and ſimple; but it is not, therefore, the leſs pathetic. My wife," ſaid he, with a mixed expreſſion of anguiſh and reſignation, "is out of her diſtreſſes. Heaven has taken her from her ſorrows. I have but *one* to care for—but that is *one too much*. Times go very hard; particularly with us, who are grown old and ſlow. I have wandered from place to place, and though I am willing to work for leſs wages, nobody will employ a feeble old man, now there are ſo many young ones.

ones out of other works, who are glad to go into the fields. I have applied to the pariſh here—for I was an inhabitant, about five and twenty years ago, and lived in a better way. I had a little farm, and a few cows, and two or three ſheep of my own; till my landlord turned me out, that he might make three or four joining farms into one. So, as I could not afford to take a large farm, I was obliged to ſell my ſtock, and go into another country. The churchwarden as is now, who is grown ſo proud, and lives ſo grand, was a poor man then, and owed me ſeven pounds.—But as it is ſo long ſince, I find I can't demand it; and when I aſked him for relief, and told him the times were very hard, he told me he had nothing for me; and that, if times were hard, I muſt live hard; and ſo ſhut the door in my face; I would have aſked him elſe, what we were to do when times are ſo hard that we cannot live at all? Every thing is very dear—there is no work to be had—and I am too old to go a ſoldiering: beſide,

why

why ſhould we poor folks go and help the rich to fight againſt the poor."—Perhaps, with ſome, this concluding ſentiment may deſtroy all the compaſſion excited by his tale; but O! that I had a voice like thunder, to ſhout the ſolemn truth in the ears of all the poor in Europe; that the kings and nobles of the earth might be reduced to the ſole option of fighting their own battle, or reſtoring peace.

THE BENEVOLENCE.

"YOUR anecdote of the generous church-warden," ſaid Ambulator, "brings to my mind an incident, ſo much to the honour of a benevolent old lady of your acquaintance, that I cannot reſiſt the temptation of relating it. Beſides, in a country where ſuch immenſe ſums of money are levied upon *one part* of the oppreſſed

oppreſſed community, under pretence of relieving the diſtreſſes of *another* (for it is not the *rich*, but the *poor*, who ſupport the poor of this country) and at a time when poor fellows are wheedled into the naval ſervice by ſuch pompous pretences of proviſions for their wives and families, it is important to ſhew what kind of relief is afforded to the wants of thoſe who ſeem moſt entitled to our compaſſion.

" Philanthropa was walking, ſome little time ago, through one of the principal ſtreets of London, turning to the right and to the left for the moſt proper objects to exerciſe her compaſſion (and God knows, in the preſent ſtate of ſociety, there are few places where we need ſearch in vain), when the downcaſt look, the melancholy ſilence, and modeſt obeiſance of a poor neat-looking pregnant woman, with a child in her arms, and another hanging on her hand, attracted her attention. Want and emaciation were written in her countenance; and the whole groop

was

was ſo intereſting, that Philanthropa, who is little in the habit of reſiſting theſe impreſſions, immediately ſtopped, and enquired into the ſtory of their diſtreſs. The poor woman briefly informed her, that her huſband was a weaver, but that, as he had been to ſea in the former part of his life, he had been preſſed at the breaking out of the war, and had left her no other means to ſupport her two infants, and provide for the ſeaſon of pain and perplexity that was approaching, but the labour of her own hands; "and, alas!" ſaid ſhe, "what can I do, in my preſent ſituation, with my two babes to take care of into the bargain? I endeavoured to get a little waſhing to do at home: but there are ſo many poor women who wiſh to get a bit of bread this way, that there is but a little bit indeed for each of us. In this diſtreſs I applied to the overſeers of the pariſh; but they only gave me a *ſhilling*, and bade me call again in a fortnight, and I ſhould have *another*." Such was the tale of the poor creature whom theſe *Britiſh*

Slave

Slave merchants, theſe *wholeſale dealers in their brethren's blood*, had left to rot in the cold embraces of Want and Miſery, that the ſtay and comfort of her life, the father and protector of her infants, might laviſh his limbs and life for them in a ſtruggle, in which (to ſay the leaſt of it) neither he nor his family, had the ſlighteſt intereſt or concern: and, alas! how many thouſands are there at this time languiſhing for the ſame cauſe, in ſituations of equal miſery. The ſtory was too circumſtantial to be doubted; and Philanthropa, putting a half crown into her hand, hurried away to avoid that profuſion of gratitude, which, how pleaſing ſoever it may be to the mere ſpectator, is always painful to the ear of the truly generous benefactor.

"I identify the ſum, to ſhew at how ſmall an expence we may ſometimes be enabled to reſcue, not an individual only, but a whole family, from diſtreſs: for as Philanthropa was ſome little time after coming out from a tradeſman's ſhop, in another

another part of the town, ſhe was greeted by the grateful ejaculation of a woman, whoſe hands were loaded with a quantity of earthenware—"God bleſs you, madam," ſaid ſhe, "for you have been the making of me and my poor family!—you ſaved us from ſtarving."—"Indeed, poor woman," was the reply, "I fancy you are miſtaken: for I do not recollect you."—"Alas! madam," replied the woman, "do you not remember giving me a half crown in Cornhill."—The benefactreſs looked again in her face, and recollected her. Nor was ſhe ſuffered to remain long in ignorance about the manner in which ſo ſmall a ſum had produced ſo extenſive an effect. The poor creature had gone immediately with her little capital, and laid it out in pitchers, and other utenſils of that kind; and as ſhe had been fortunate in ſelling them again quickly, at a ſmall profit, ſhe had contrived, by excellent œconomy, to keep her ſtock in a conſtant way of increaſe, till ſhe had become a kind of little ſhop-keeper, and had the happineſs of ſeeing

her proſpect brightening, in ſome degree, before her.

I have given theſe ſtories ſimple and unadorned; as incidents that ſerve to diſplay the ſituation of the country, and the tendency of exiſting inſtitutions, ought to be delivered; and I leave it to the lovers of war,—of bloodſhed, and ariſtocracy (crying out, as they conſtantly are, about the grandeur and happineſs of the country) to draw from them what inferences they think fit.

It will naturally be ſuppoſed, that theſe anecdotes would lead us immediately into a conſideration of the condition of the labouring poor in this country; nor to thoſe who are at all informed upon this important topic (upon which, after all the empty boaſts of placemen and ſenators about wealth and grandeur, power and political importance, depends, in reality, the happineſs or the miſery, the exaltation

or

or depreſſion of the ſtate, and the utility or viciouſneſs of every government) will it appear at all ſurpriſing that we ſhould find the ſubject ſo copious, and the abuſes and oppreſſions ſo numerous, that our journey was completed before our enquiry; and that the beautiful and pictureſque of Nature was forgotten in the affecting tale of the miſeries and depreſſion of the great majority of Nature's moſt perfect, and (but for the ſcourges of tyranny and ariſtocracy) Nature's moſt favoured off-ſpring.

SAINT ALBANS,—THE MONK'S HOLE.

WHEN we entered this town, it was our intention, according to our uſual cuſtom, to have ſatisfied ourſelves with juſt obſerving the principal ſtreets, and then, after devoting ſo much time as the curioſity of the objects might require, to

the antiquities and public buildings, to repair to ſome of the humble habitations on the banks of the neighbouring rivulet, and enjoy, together with our reſt and refreſhment, the charms of the ſurrounding country. Our plan was, however, fruſtrated by the unexpected circumſtance of our meeting with ſome friends;—ſome gay young fellows, who, flying about the country in a rambling excurſion, had taken the opportunity, while their dinner was preparing at one of the inns, to indulge *their indolence*, rather than their curioſity, by a lounge among the ruins of the Abbey. They encountered me in a curious ſituation. For as nothing appears to me ſo ridiculous as to be at the trouble of travelling, and, after all, through the dread of ſome little inconvenience, to paſs by any place that might poſſibly afford matter of curioſity or meditation, I determined, though at the expence of crawling on my hands and knees among the dirt and rubbiſh, to explore the remaining caverns, or Monk's Hole, as they are called, that open into

into the ſloping meadow between the abbey and the river, and conduct, by ſubterraneous paſſages, no where high enough to ſuffer a man to ſtand erect, not only under the building itſelf, but, as far as I could conjecture, conſiderably to the other ſide. There had uſed, I am told, formerly to be ſeveral of them; and one in particular was found to have communication with the cellar of an inn, quite at the far ſide of the town. There are now, however, only two of them that I could diſcover; both of which appear at preſent to be terminated by the breaking in of the earth from above. The exploring of theſe receſſes was an adventure in which neither of my companions had the leaſt inclination to accompany me. I procured, however, a light, and proceeded to gratify my curioſity; like a hero of romance, attended only by my dwarf:—a fine ſmart boy we had encountered upon the road, of about nine years old—the ſon of a poor baſket-maker in the town, but with the promiſe of abilities well deſerving of a better fate.

—Well, lanthorn in hand, I entered the receſs—and a ſublime adventure I had of it, as ever Sir Eltram himſelf, or Don Bellianus of Greece, or any of thoſe wonderful heroes of ancient or of modern creation could have wiſhed for. It is true I met with no giant—for how the devil ſhould he have got there?—no fiery dragon, nor no infernal fiend; but the very elements, ſtruck with horror at the bold exploit, burſt into fury and convulſion; the clouds wept tears like hailſtones as I entered, and the heavens themſelves flamed with ſulphureous terror; and when I got to the end of one of the avenues, thou mighteſt have ſeen me, gentle reader, hadſt thou had courage for the fight, grappling with dead men's bones, and waging war with horrid Death himſelf. In plain vulgar proſe, the clouds, which during the whole day had been flying about, and occaſionally mitigating the extreme fervour of the atmoſphere, had gathered about this time, and ſuddenly ſurpriſed us with a thunder ſtorm, at the time I was entering; a circumſtance

cumſtance which, together with the projection of a huge thigh bone, not inferior in magnitude to the one exhibited among the curioſities of the cathedral, and which I vainly endeavoured to loſen from the earth at the end of the cavern, aſſiſted in exciting thoſe romantic imaginations with which I own I love ſometimes to amuſe my fancy.

It was returning from this ſublime adventure that I met the friends before alluded to; and who had been compelled by the ſtorm to take up for ſhelter in the abbey. With this party (though but little aproximating to our own particular ſtamp or diſpoſition,) we were eaſily induced to join: for contraſt and variety are as agreeable in ſocial intercourſe as in any other of the occurrences of life: and whatever may be the caſe in the conjugal endearment, I ſhall venture to obſerve, that "always partridge" will not do, even in our friendly intimacies. Neither was I deterred from accepting the invitation, by the raillery

which I knew the adventure of the Monk's Hole would draw upon me from theſe gay young ſparks: for though ſcience and philoſophy conſtitute the banquet of life, wit and pleaſantry are the ſeaſoning which often give it the higheſt reliſh; and he is but a poor admirer of humour and hilarity who is not contented to be now and then the *object* of them, rather than ſuffer them to languiſh.

SAINT ALBANS.—THE WANDERER.

I WAS not, however, the only object of pleaſantry with our new companions. They had met with one (a melancholy blockhead, as they called him) the evening before, at their inn, whoſe ſingular dejection had been the object of much thoughtleſs and unfeeling mirth; and who, it ſeems, had been driven away from the houſe by the tricks and fun of which they had

had conceived him a proper object. My opinion, however, was very different; and inſtead of being excited to riſibility, as they expected, by the recital of their paſtimes and jocular contrivances, I found myſelf deeply affected. In ſhort, I had no doubt, from the deſcription, but that this poor melancholy being was my unfortunate friend Belmour; and I could have found it in my heart to have curſed their fooliſh levity, without reſerve, that had thus prevented me from meeting again with the unhappy wanderer, and pouring once more the balm of friendly ſympathy into his wounds. The ſparks themſelves commiſerated the fate of the poor victim of Parental Tyranny, as ſoon as I had told his ſtory, and execrated themſelves for their wanton cruelty. But, alas! they had never reflected, that melancholy has always its efficient cauſe, either phyſical or moral, and that the greateſt calamity under which the heart of man can bow, is an object not of ridicule, but of pity.

The ſtory of Belmour daſhed the expected hilarity of the table; and wine itſelf produced no other change in our converſation than to lead us from incident to incident of variegated misfortune, and remembrances of departed and lamented friends. Topics like this are too fugitive to be followed even in a work of digreſſions and converſations; but the train of reflection into which an account of the premature fate of one of the objects of our animadverſions happened to conduct us, induces me to ſubmit it to ſuch of my readers as are attached to this colloquial mode of philoſophiſing.

GENEROSITY.——A CONVERSATION.

"YES, poor fellow! I knew him well: a more cheerful companion never enlivened the circling glaſs, nor heightened the convivial pleaſures of the table. He was, indeed,

indeed, the ſoul of anecdote and wit. His invention was as fertile as his memory was rich; and whatever the latter retained, the former was certain to embelliſh with ſo much originality and variety, that his ſtock of pleaſantry and information never appeared in any danger of being exhauſted; for though you had heard him repeat a thing a thouſand times, his language was ſo variegated, his reflections ſo copious and diverſified, and his art of placing the ſame adventure in different points of view ſo unlimited, that repetition itſelf had always the air of originality, and the ſtaleſt anecdote was tranſmuted into novelty, as it paſſed through the laboratory of his humourous fancy."

"Your deſcription of him is very juſt," ſaid another. "Poor Tom! thou waſt, indeed, an exquiſite fellow; the eſſence of conviviality and humour. Thou hadſt but one fault—a grievous one, indeed, in the eye of worldlings—Generoſity."

"Nor could he," ſaid Miſanthropos, (joining for the firſt time, during the whole afternoon, in the converſation of the circle, in which he *occupied a chair*)—"Nor could he, with reſpect to himſelf, have been infected with a fault more deſtructive. Generoſity! It is the miſtreſs of impotent dotage, whom every body enjoys, but the keeper—the fire that conſumes your houſe and ſubſtance, that the unfeeling crowd may be amuſed with the illumination."

"Good heaven!" exclaimed Wentworth, his eyes beaming with ſudden fire, as he elevated his impreſſive voice, "and are theſe the deſcriptions of Generoſity?—of Generoſity, that illumines the ſmiling ſoul, and doubly enjoys whatever it beſtows? —The miſtreſs of Impotence!—the conſuming fire!—Call it rather the chaſte and lovely partner of the conjugal heart, who, while ſhe diffuſes her ſmiles and attentions around the ſocial circle, imparts, with concentrating warmth, the reflection

ſection of every pleaſure ſhe beſtows, to the lord of her fonder affections, whoſe boſom is the native manſion of her felicity!—Call it the fertilizing ſtream, whoſe tranſparent meanders may pleaſe, indeed, the eye of the traveller, but whoſe richeſt bleſſings are the rewards of the owner of the ſoil!"

"Well, gentlemen," ſaid Ariſor, "your arguments will, I doubt not, arrive in due ſeaſon, at the ſame point of concluſion; for both ſeem to be travelling poſt on the ſame high road of metaphorical hyperbole; and the diſtance of your opinions, even at preſent, is only that of fire and water. I muſt, however, for my own part, entirely agree with my friend Wentworth, in his compariſon of generoſity and the lucid ſtream; both of them being, undoubtedly, delightful enough to the travellers they refreſh; and both having the ſame fertilizing effect upon the ſcenes they have the fortune to embelliſh. But then, perhaps, upon a more critical examination, this

this trifling difference will preſent itſelf—while the proprietor of the latter reaps the abundance it imparts, the courſe of the former is conſtantly directed through alien grounds, and leaves, to its owner, nought but bankruptcy and ruin."

"Ruin!" echoed Julian, "I had never yet the honour of being acquainted with a man who could complain of being ruined by his generoſity."—"Nor I either," ſaid Wentworth. "Injured, deeply injured, I have known many a generous individual; but abſolute ruin is reſerved for the ſelfiſh, the profligate, and the mean ſlave of ſenſuality and low indulgence."

"And yet," reſumed Gaymore, "Poor Tom was an inſtance of that very ruin, which is the mere effect of this fatal generoſity."

"Pray will you be kind enough to tell me," ſaid I, "for I was not acquainted with the

the gentleman, in what was his generoſity diſplayed?"

"O! in every thing! He kept the beſt ſtable of horſes in the county, though he ſeldom rode himſelf; and a pack of immenſely fine hounds, although he had no taſte for hunting: for his generous mind could not bear that any perſon who came to viſit him ſhould want the means of ſuch diverſion as might ſuit his taſte. And every body viſited him; all the world reſorted to his houſe; it was the ever-open manſion of hoſpitality, where every hearty fellow had a welcome, and as much claret as ever he could carry. And then your wits and men of letters lived upon him by dozens. He had an immenſe library for them alſo: and, indeed, when he had no other company to compel him to drink, which he had not much delight in, or to tempt him to rattle the dice-box, which it muſt be confeſſed he rather enjoyed; rummaging over theſe muſty volumes, and converſing with theſe ragamuffins, conſtituted

ſtituted his principal delight. Then he had laid out his grounds too in a moſt delightful ſtyle; and was always making ſome improvements in his gardens, and in the old family hall: more, as it was believed, to keep the tenants and villagers employed, than for his own gratification; for he was mightily indifferent himſelf about every thing of this ſort. But, ah! poor Tom! it was ſoon over with him; and every thing was ſold to ſatisfy his raſcally, unfeeling creditors."

"Unfeeling raſcals, indeed!" ſaid Ariſor, "could they not be ſatisfied with beholding all this generoſity? But muſt they expect to be paid too?"

"Well! well!" returned Gaymore, "Tom was a fine fellow! As generous a lad as ever cracked a bottle."

"Doubtleſs!" rejoined Ariſor; "and his keeping hounds and horſes he never made uſe of; loſing his money among ſharpers

ſharpers who diſgraced him, and drinking wine that he did not love, to pleaſe the company he could not enjoy, were the inevitable conſequences of the *generoſity* of his diſpoſition.—But pray what became of his *ſteward*, after this unhappy cataſtrophe? Can you inform me any thing about him?"

"O, that was a pickled raſcal, with a vengeance. He ſet up his coach ſhortly after; and bought a conſiderable part of the eſtate in his own name. Ah! poor Tom was always too generous to his ſervants. He never would be perſuaded to look after his own affairs; but believed every one to be as honeſt as himſelf."

"That is to ſay, ſir, if I underſtand you rightly, he was too generous to take the trouble of ſecuring to himſelf the means of generoſity; and therefore reſolutely ſhut his eyes againſt the experience of every day, and ſuffered the mechanical villany of a low-lived blockhead to mono-

polize

polize what virtue and genius ought to have ſhared, and diſpoſſeſs him of that abundance, which he might ſtill have enjoyed in reſpectable magnificence, amid the honourable gratulations of rewarded Merit, and the bleſſings of Indigence relieved.—I ſhall not animadvert, with any conſiderable ſeverity, on the blemiſhes and inconſiſtencies of this character; for I reſpect the very foibles of a benevolent man, even when thoſe foibles (as in the preſent inſtance) are not in any degree to be conſidered as the conſequences of that benevolence: neither ſhall I call upon you to remark, how conſiderably his generoſity might have been extended (even during the ſhort continuance of his proſperity) by retrenching the waſteful expences of his weakneſs and oſtentation. But I cannot help obſerving, that it appears on the very ſurface of your own narrative, that, notwithſtanding his *profuſion*, his liberality need never have been entirely bankrupt, had not his negligence of his moſt important concerns been greater than either his

his virtuous liberality or his more expenſive vices."

"Facts and experience," ſaid Julian, "are undoubtedly on our ſide of the argument; and whatever we may haſtily conclude from the partial conſideration of a few particular inſtances, it certainly is not in the memoirs of the liberal benefactors of mankind, that we are to look for the melancholy records of the viciſſitudes of fortune. Few men that I remember to have heard of, have done half ſo many generous actions as Helvetius. He did not only entertain, he even made permanent proviſion, and that liberally too, for ſeveral men of merit; he was the father of the country that ſurrounded his manſion; and wherever diſtreſs or genius appeared, he had one hand ready to relieve, and the other to reward. And yet Helvetius, ſo far from impairing his fortune, could afford to follow at once the dictates of philoſophy and ſenſibility, and in the ſame year reſign the lucrative, but oppreſſive

preſſive office of farmer-general, and take to his arms an amiable and unportioned bride, as little inclined to avarice as himſelf. But Helvetius had economy: a virtue without which no man can ever be generous to any very extenſive degree."

"But pray," ſaid Wentworth, uniting again the broken thread of our diſcourſe, "what was the cataſtrophe of this generous victim of imprudence? Of all who had baſked in the ſunſhine of his profuſion, were there none to cheer the long wintry night of his misfortunes? Did beggary and unkind reproach deſcend with him to the grave? and a broken heart defeat the ſlow malice of emaciating Famine?"

"No: by no means," replied Amicus; "nothing like it. The hiſtory of my friend Tom, rather ſupports than contradicts your opinion. It is true, indeed, in the *elegant* language of faſhionable diſſipation, he was *done up*; but he was not abſolutely *ruined*.

ruined. Tom fell, indeed, like others of his diſpoſition, ſometimes among leeches, who dropped off as ſoon as they were gorged; but his acquaintance had been too extenſive, and too various, not to endear him to ſome who had both the power and the will to ſerve him. Some there were, who remembered with gratitude the favours they had received, and others who recollected with tenderneſs the hours of ſocial intercourſe and pleaſure they had participated with him; and while the liberality of one friendly aſſociation redeemed a portion of his patrimonial eſtate, the intereſt of another procured him a little appointment; and, in ſhort, as misfortune had taught him ſome little prudence, his affairs began ſoon to wear a more promiſing appearance; and I really believe that, but for an unfortunate affair of honour, which robbed him of his life, and human nature of an ornament and a friend, Tom Heedleſs would again have made a figure in life, and have repeated his generoſity without his follies."

"But

"But what will you ſay to Lorenzo?" continues Gaymore, "See but how low he has fallen: and fallen as your Don Diſmal of a tragedian—what do you call him?—Rowe! expreſſes it, like ſtars that fall, to riſe no more? Where is the friend who will relieve—who will even regard him in his diſtreſs?"

"Aye! what ſay you to him?" echoed Ariſor, "was not Lorenzo a generous fellow, who not only ſpent every ſhilling he was worth himſelf, but diſpenſed, with equal liberality, the property of his ſiſters, his wards, his relations, and all who were connected with him?—and ſpent it too in ſuch acts of gratuitous benevolence, that no one could ever divine the leaſt proſpect of any return either in pleaſure, reputation, or improvement, from any of the numerous aſſociates who ſhared his bounty!"

"Oh! name him not," exclaims Ardens, indignantly, "name him not, I beſeech, you.

you. A being who had the peculiar art of diſſipating an ample fortune without appearance, beneficence, or enjoyment; who plunged into all the expences of diſſipation, without partaking either of elegance or gaiety, and courted rather the noiſe and levity of ſociety, than the friendſhips and connections it might beſtow. Who ever heard of the merit he rewarded? or the family he reſcued from diſtreſs?—Nay, who ever ſpoke of the embelliſhments of his houſe or gardens? or partook of the elegant entertainment he had prepared? Appetite, and not pleaſure, was the object of his purſuit; and the only idea he could form of gentility, was that of ſpending a great deal of money. His reputation for generoſity had no other baſis, than the profuſion with which he treated and truſted a ſwarm of low-bred ſharpers, by whom he was ſurrounded, and by whom, if poſſible, he was even more deſpiſed than flattered; and the ſum total of his praiſe is, that he was an inoffenſive companion to all but the relatives whom he injured,

and

and to whom his atonement was moroſe brutality."

"Nay, nay," ſaid Ariſor, "good nature! —you muſt, I am ſure, allow him good nature!—for he would treat even thoſe who had inſulted him to his face; do the errands of every jackanapes, who was too lazy to do his own; and could not even refuſe the requeſts and invitations of thoſe, whom he had not the leaſt inclination either to accompany or oblige!"

"Generoſity, my friend Gaymore!" continued the indignant Ardens. "No, no, depend upon it, ſir, generoſity is the virtue of men of ſoul, of intellect, of feeling; and if Lorenzo is in any reſpect entitled to compaſſion, it is becauſe he was never capable of ſo refined a ſentiment."

"There is not," continued Julian, "a deluſion more fatal to the morals and felicity of mankind, than that ſo much encouraged among us of late, by certain diſſipated

diſſipated writers, that profuſion and diſſipation naturally ſuppoſe a generous diſpoſition.—Nothing can be farther from the truth.—I grant you, indeed, that a man of extravagant pleaſures may *often feel* a generous *emotion*—may *ſometimes* do a generous *action*; but thoſe feelings muſt generally expire in impotent regret; and thoſe actions can never be frequently repeated. Self ſwallows up every thing where the love of pleaſure preponderates; and whenever liberality of conduct happens, in a few partial occurrences, to go hand in hand with ſuch a diſpoſition, it is generally becauſe the contrary deportment would interfere with the perſonal gratification of the minute."

"As for the connection between expenſive pleaſures, and liberality of diſpoſition," ſaid I, "I think it is very well illuſtrated in the characters of three young men, with whom we are all acquainted.—

"Sordidus is a being without the leaſt grain of generoſity in his ſoul, and who, nevertheleſs, never had reſolution enough to keep a guinea for four and twenty hours in his pocket. His childiſh imagination is ſtruck with every bauble he beholds; and in toys and fopperies he diſſipates more money than would ſupport the expences of an elegant appearance: yet will he wear a thread-bare coat for almoſt a twelvemonth, beat down his taylor to ſave an odd ſixpence in his bill, and procraſtinate payment from period to period, till the loſs of time and of ſhoe-leather has more than eat away the profit. The ſlave of appetite, he cares not at whoſe expence it is indulged: if he is going out with a party, he will be ſure to empty his money into his box, that he may have a pretence for calling upon ſome one (friend or ſtranger) to pay his reckoning, which he never offers to refund; if he goes into a room where wine is on the table, he ſwallows glaſs after glaſs, without waiting for the ceremony of invitation; and will

even

even have recourſe to childiſh importunities for thoſe dainties, which he has not the opportunity to ſeize. When he has thus pampered himſelf at the expence of others, he will retire to his own apartment, to enjoy in ſolitude and ſecrecy, the delicacies he has procured at his own expence. Yet, according to ſome calculators, even this paragon of meanneſs muſt be ranked among the victims of generoſity: for who is there who ſpends his money more rapidly than Sordidus? or who is more frequently embarraſſed by extravagance? For the calls of ſelfiſh appetite are importunate and loud; and being capable of no other pleaſures, he knows not how to reſtrain them; ſo that his gratifications, though as ſullen as the gloomy paſſions that deform his countenance, and ſordid as his ſelf-admired form, are not a whit leſs expenſive than all the pleaſures of gaiety, exalted by ſentiment, and increaſed by ſocial participation.—But Sordidus is, I believe, a *luſus naturæ*, an iſolated phenomenon in the ſphere of moral agency; for,

I thank heaven, I have never encountered his equal.

" The character of Diſſipatus, is more common and more worthy of obſervation. This young man has really a conſiderable ſhare of good nature, and a heart naturally attuned to generoſity; but wanting ſteadineſs of diſpoſition, and whirled away by his love of expenſive pleaſures, his virtues are but too frequently ſwallowed up in the vortex of diſſipation, or ſerve to no other effective purpoſe, than to betray him to the impoſitions of more ſordid libertines, and accumulate upon his own, the expences of the gratifications of others.—You will naturally conclude, from this repreſentation, that Diſſipatus has no time to go in queſt of objects of benevolence; but when the means and the opportunity happen to occur together, he ſcorns to be backward in any generous exertion. This, however, is but ſeldom the caſe: and frequently when his eye encounters an object of compaſſion—when a tale of misfortune appeals

appeals to his better feelings, and his hand goes inſtinctively to an empty pocket, he grieves to recollect the diſſipated pleaſures that have diſappointed the benevolent wiſhes of his heart. In ſhort, though Diſſipatus has the reputation (among his gay companions) of being a fine generous-minded fellow, no one has been leſs diſtinguiſhed by generous actions, or has been reduced to more expedients bordering upon meanneſs, than he has had the mortification to ſubmit to.

"Ambulator, on the contrary," (who had quitted the room before this converſation began) "though conſiderably younger than either of the preceding, and with a narrow income—Ambulator, who is at once an economiſt and a calculator, and takes eſpecial care never to exhauſt his purſe till he is ſure of a freſh ſupply—Ambulator, who has no ſhowy diſſipation to attract regard; no occaſional embarraſſments to reſtrain the liberality of his heart;—Ambulator, I ſay, does more ge-

nerous actions every month of his life, than a hundred ſuch characters as Diſſipatus will perform in years; and has more gratifications, a thouſand times, than Sordidus will ever taſte or conceive. Yet the whole of his pleaſures (thoſe of benevolence excepted) are derived from his books, and now and then a frugal excurſion into the country, with a viſit to ſome antiquated caſtle, or ſome rural, romantic ſcene.—His ſpirit and vigilance always ſhield him from impoſition; but nobody ever dealt fairly with him, even in the minuteſt trifles, who had not reaſon to admire his liberality. Counterfeit miſery would tremble before his darting eye; but real diſtreſs flies immediately to his heart, and his purſe is ſure to ſympathize with its expanſion. Liberal of his own, he is tenacious of the rights of others; and the delicacy with which he always takes care to have every balance ſettled in his own diſfavour, diſcovers more real generoſity of mind than all the oſtentatious profuſion of rakes and libertines."—

THE UNCLE.—A DISCOVERY.

DURING this converſation, the object of the concluding panegyric was enquiring through the houſe for what information he could collect about young Belmour, in the hope that ſomething or other might tranſpire that would aſſiſt us in the purſuit. But though in this reſpect he was entirely diſappointed, yet he met with another perſon, in whoſe behalf he found himſelf ſcarcely leſs intereſted, and whoſe ſtory was, in fact, very intimately connected with that of the object of his enquiry. It was a venerable old gentleman, ſitting under a kind of arbour, formed by the wild projection of a woodbine, nailed imperfectly againſt the back of the houſe, and who was poring with ſuch ſorrowful attention over a little book that he held in his hand, as immediately

awakened the ſtrongeſt curioſity. He ſighed as it ſeemed at every line; and every now and then a troubleſome tear, ſtarting into his eye, obſcured the intereſting page, and compelled him to wipe it away.—"Heavens!" ſaid Ambulator to himſelf, "all this for a tale of fiction! What an agony of ſenſation muſt agitate that feeling boſom, were the ſcene of diſtreſs realized before him: could the picture of the miſeries of the great maſs of his countrymen be brought, in living colours, to his ſight!—Surely in thoſe ſighs—in the agitated expreſſions of that countenance, are delineated ſenſations of ſympathy, which exceed what may be conſidered as delightful—or which works of mere invention could excite." In theſe conjectures he ſoon found himſelf not to be miſtaken, for enquiring, after an apology for his intruſion, into the nature of the work with which the hoary ſtranger was ſo much affected—"It is a ſcene, ſir," replied the old gentleman, wiping his eyes, "which I dare ſay you have frequently peruſed—a ſcene in the inimitable novel of

Tom

Tom Jones. But you will ſmile, perhaps, when I tell you that all theſe ſtrong ſenſations have been excited by one of the ſimpleſt incidents in the work:—that in which poor little Jones is ſtruggling in the pond into which he had fallen in his attempt to recover his little Sophia's bird."—"There muſt be then," replied Ambulator, "ſome particular occurrences in your own life—ſome ſcenes of loſt endearment, which this little incident recalls to your mind; or an incident ſo trifling could never have produced ſuch an effect."—"You have judged rightly, ſir. Some ten or fifteen years ſince, ere I departed for the Eaſt, I had uſed to reſide much at the houſe of a brother in law, whom I dearly loved. Bleſs the heart of him! if he were alive, how he would rejoice to ſee me returned again, ſo proſperous, and ſo fortunate.—He had an only child—a ſweet-tempered, lovely little girl—She was the very picture of my poor ſiſter. I loved her as though ſhe had been my own. There was a little boy too, the ſon of a

neighbouring gentleman, whom I moſt tenderly regarded. He was the ſweeteſt little fellow—He would climb up my knee, cling round my neck, kiſs me, and call me his uncle, becauſe his little ſweetheart did the ſame.—And then he was ſo brave! —The dear little fellow would have gone to ſea with me, I believe, if he could have perſuaded himſelf to leave my little niece behind. They had been little playmates from their cradles; and, as the families lived in the cloſeſt friendſhip, had often hung upon the ſame paps, and layed their little heads upon the ſame pillow.—How often have I ſat in the garden, with one upon this knee, and the other upon this, with my arms folded round them, liſtening to their little innocent prattle, and ſmiling to hear them liſp forth the tendereſt expreſſions of love.—And then to ſee them put up their little hands to each other's faces, and kiſs each other's little ruby lips; Heavens! how it had uſed to melt my heart to tenderneſs!—And then they would careſs me, and talk of their regard

for

for each other, and for myſelf, with ſuch ſimplicity—with a fondneſs ſo unalloyed by fears or ſelfiſh paſſions!—It was certainly ſome ſuch ſcene as this which firſt ſuggeſted to the Poets the idea of a Golden Age. But pardon the prattle, ſir, of a talkative old man.—There was a pretty rapid ſtream ran through my brother's garden; and as my little boy was a clever child, he had made a ſhip for my niece, of which ſhe was very fond. As the little ſhipwright was ſhowing it to me one day, and exulting to ſee how it ſailed, I was ſeized with one of thoſe vicious propenſities, which we all of us ſo blameably entertain, of teazing children, without conſidering how much we thereby injure their tempers; and yielding to this propenſity, I cut the packthread cable, and ſet the bark adrift. My niece began immediately to cry—the little rogue flew like a tiger; ſtruck me three or four times with all his little might, and then ſeeing the bark fixed among the ſedges, plunged into the ſtream to ſave the favorite plaything of his little

darling. An ideal reſemblance between this little pair and the hero and heroine of Fielding, had o en occurred to my mind. But the ſight of the little fellow ſtruggling with the water, as he brought his ſhip to ſhore, and the ſcreams and anxiety of my little niece, as ſhe ſtood at the brink, trembling for his ſafety, recalled ſo forcibly to my mind a ſimilar ſcene, produced by that little raſcal, Blifill, ſetting Sophia's bird at liberty, that for ever after this event I called the dear little couple by the names of my little Jones, and my Sophia. —The dear little creatures were pleaſed with the idea—and my *Jones!* my *Sophia!* were ever after their names of endearment for each other. It is almoſt needleſs to add," continued he, the tears flowing afreſh, " that it was over this ſcene that I was poring with ſuch agitation."—This incident was not new to Ambulator. He remembered to have heard it before in one of our converſations upon the road; and it was no ſooner finiſhed than he was convinced, that the old gentleman he was talking

talking with was no other than the uncle of Miſs Sedley; and that Belmour, the loſt, unfortunate Belmour, was the little ſhipwright, for whom the kind-hearted old batchelor ſtill retained ſo lively an affection. He did not, however, think fit to reveal to him any of the circumſtances with which he was acquainted concerning this unfortunate pair, but ran immediately to me to inform me of his diſcovery.

THE ALARM.—A FARTHER DISCOVERY.

I HAD ſcarcely finiſhed the character with which the converſation before related was concluded, when Ambulator entered, with an eager ſtep, to inform us of the diſcovery he had made. "You remember," ſaid he, "mentioning an uncle of Miſs Sedley, in one of our converſations,—a benevolent old ſea-faring gentleman, who had

had gone ſeveral years ſince to the Eaſt Indies, and was ſuppoſed to be dead. The old gentleman," added he, "is now in this houſe. He has been in the country trade all this while, and has amaſſed an immenſe fortune, which he is now lamenting there is nobody left, whom he loves, or who loves him, to enjoy. Good Heaven! could theſe unfortunate lovers but be found!"—

The exclamation was ſuddenly broken off by a poſt-chaiſe, driving violently into the yard. The condition of one of the beautiful females it contained filled the whole inn, in an inſtant, with one univerſal pang of intereſt and alarm. As they were driving along ſhe had fainted, with a ſudden ſhriek;—of the cauſe of which her companion (a lovely female of blooming and majeſtic countenance) was unable to form any other conjecture, than that ſhe muſt have been frighted with ſome ſudden appearance upon the road, which had eſcaped every other obſervation. For my

own

own part, when I recognized, in her delicate form, as ſhe was taken motionleſs out of the carriage, the ſingular dreſs, the diminutive ſoftneſs, and languid features of the lovely little viſionary, who had ſo myſteriouſly intereſted us in Thurlby church yard, I formed a different conjecture, and immediately ſuppoſed that ſome phantom only of her diſordered imagination had thus oppreſſed her; nor was my opinion much altered by the incoherent ejaculation, "O ſave him!—ſave him! he will periſh!" with which ſhe recovered from her ſwoon. But as ſhe came more to herſelf, her language became more explicit—"Run, run," ſaid ſhe, "directly, or he will be drowned!"——"Who will be drowned?" ſaid the beautiful Maria, with extreme earneſtneſs—for ſhe had obſerved nothing that could ſerve as a foundation for theſe exclamations. "Alas! I know not," replied ſhe, "but ſome poor wretch it was, who threw himſelf into the river as we were paſſing—at ſome diſtance from the road." The object of attention was

now

now inſtantly changed, and our hearts, prophetic of the object, as ſoon as ſome imperfect deſcription of the ſpot could be obtained, urged us immediately to go in queſt of the unfortunate ſuicide.

Our conjecture was not unfounded. It was indeed poor Belmour, whom, after a very ſhort ſearch, aſſiſted by the clearneſs and ſhallowneſs of the water, we were enabled to diſcover, and drag to land. But, alas! the cold hand of Death was upon him; and, livid and inſenſate, we conveyed him, with aching boſoms, to the inn.—Poor melancholy victim of parental tyranny! and is this, at laſt, the termination of all thy wanderings? and are my cares and my anxieties for thee in vain?—

The ſcene at the inn was now a diſtreſſing one indeed. Every thing was buſtle and confuſion. Affliction and terror ſat upon every countenance; eſpecially upon thoſe of my volatile companions, who began to upbraid themſelves with the ſuſpicion

ſuſpicion, that their idle levity had haſtened the fatal cataſtrophe; and by driving the unhappy wanderer prematurely from the houſe, had deprived me, perhaps, of the opportunity of an interpoſition by which it might have been finally prevented. But the moſt intereſting figure in this groop of ſorrow, was the unhappy hoary-headed uncle of Miſs Sedley, who had been the only perſon in the houſe abſent at the firſt alarm, and who therefore felt the ſtroke more ſuddenly now that the palid corſe came ſuddenly into the yard before him, and in the countenance of that corſe he traced the features of his dear-loved boy—for ſo he had always called him. We did not, however, in the midſt of unavailing ſorrow, neglect to ſnatch at the little hope that was left us; but ſent immediately for medical aſſiſtance; reſolved to eſſay what power there yet remained in the laſt grand effort of medical ſcience, to relumine the lamp of life: though I muſt own, for my own part, there appeared to me but very little proſpect of ſucceſs.

But

But it is neceſſary, perhaps, that I ſhould turn my attention to the charming little viſionary, and her lovely companion, who, while affairs were in this ſituation at one part of the inn, exhibited, at another, a picture ſcarcely leſs intereſting; and who, ſhocked as they were at the diſmal event, with all that poignancy of feeling which is ſo natural to female ſenſibility, eſpecially when circumſtances of diſtreſs are brought ſo immediately home to their imaginations, ſeemed to ſtand almoſt as much in need of aſſiſtance as the unhappy victim himſelf, whom it was our endeavour to reſcue, or reſtore.

The pleaſing taſk of conſolation, which we impoſed upon ourſelves in this quarter, was not without its utility; and as our attentions begot a ſort of friendſhip between us, we were ſoon enabled to collect a few particulars relative to the ſingular appearance which, in the obſcure and diſtant village of Thurlby, had ſo much intereſted my curioſity. The imperfect

ſtory

ſtory which, in a former part of this work, I have related according to the impreſſion which the fables of the ruſtic neighbourhood had made upon my mind, was not entirely ſupported by facts. Inſtead of an inhabitant of Bourn wood, ſhe was the recluſe of a lonely houſe at a conſiderable diſtance from that ſpot, and had eluded the diſcovery of the ignorant ruſtics as much, at leaſt, by their idle terrors as by her care to ſhun ſociety.—Poor rambling viſionary! (for ſuch almoſt ſhe was become) ſhe had formerly baſked in the ſunſhine of proſperity. A tender father, an affectionate mother, and a lover, whoſe worth and accompliſhments challenged the reſpect of all who knew him, had ſhared the generous affections of her virgin heart. But the ſtorms of misfortune had reached her, and blighted every joy. Her father had come to ſudden and unexpected ruin, and had bowed beneath the ſtroke to the very grave. The mother and herſelf had retired, at a diſtance from their former habitation and connections, to the neighbourhood,

bourhood, as has been related, of the little village of Thurlby: invited alike by the obſcurity of the place, and the eaſy terms upon which the few accommodations of life, to which their narrow reſources could now aſpire, were to be obtained. Here, living in entire ſecluſion, peace was beginning again to ſpread her dove-like pinion over their boſoms, when the mother alſo ſubmitted to the ſtroke of fate, and the affliction of the unhappy maiden's heart returned upon her with recruited force. But the bittereſt dreg in the cup of poor Eliza's affliction, was that which was inſtilled into it by the treachery of Love. She had entertained (as I afterwards, by means not neceſſary to be here related, had an opportunity of becoming acquainted) a tender and early attachment for a youth of merit and expectations; but whoſe conduct towards her had been blotted with unexpected perfidy —who had triumphed over her innocence, and had deſerted her. Such were the accumulated misfortunes that had wounded the

the meek ſpirit of the unfortunate Miſs Willſon (for ſuch was the name by which ſhe was diſtinguiſhed;) and by the aggravation of which her intellect had been, in ſome degree, diſordered; till a fortunate accident having brought her acquainted with the gay and blooming Maria, and that acquaintance having ripened into friendſhip, the ſoothing charms of confidence and ſociety had lulled, in time, the purturbations of her boſom, and ſhe had been prevailed upon to quit her retreat of ſolitude, and viſit the gayer ſcenes of the world again, in queſt of that peaceful oblivion which the heavieſt of ſorrows do not preclude, if we will but ſeek the proper meaſures of its attainment. Few things are more favourable to the reſtoration of this tranquillity than travel: and it was accordingly in a little ramble, taken purely with a view to this object, that the fair friends, haſtened by the melancholy accident, had arrived, as has been already related, at the inn.

WANDERER,

WANDERER.—THE RESUSCITATION.

THIS arrival, as the reader has been informed, had hitherto appeared to be of little importance to the unhappy ſuicide. The event, however, will ſhew that we had diſpaired too ſoon; for while Ambulator and myſelf were rather joining in condolence, than endeavouring to comfort the deſponding fair ones, the buſtle appeared to be renewed in the inn; a buz of cheerfulneſs ſeemed to be flying from apartment to apartment; and our door flying ſuddenly open, a meſſenger bolted in with a joyful countenance, that pleaded the pardon of his abruptneſs, and informed us that the efforts of the aſſiſtants had been ſucceſsful, and the young man was reſtored to life; that his ſenſes, indeed, were as yet but imperfectly awakened; but

but that all danger of relapſe was conſidered to be ſo far removed, that he had been already put into a warm bed, and was conſigned to the watchful care of a ſingle nurſe, with the ſtricteſt orders, that he might be kept in quietneſs, and have his ſleep encouraged.

It is unneceſſary to deſcribe the ſatisfaction diffuſed over every countenance by this intelligence. Tears of joy guſhed from the eyes of either beauteous fair one.—Miſs Willſon dropped her languid head upon her boſom, like the modeſt lily reclining on its ſtem, and indulged the ſilent luxury; while Maria lifted her raptured eyes to heaven, and exhibited the faſcinating picture of her more majeſtic charms eclipſed by the tender ſhowers of ſenſibility—

Said I eclipſed?—No: they adorned them more than does the morning dew the damaſk roſe, or April ſhower the ſun-gilt foreſt tops!

THE

THE INQUEST MAN.

THIS intereſting ſcene was, however, preſently interrupted by an incident ſo abſurd, as for awhile drove every ſentiment of tenderneſs from our minds, and made way only for our indignation and contempt:—an incident equally originating in the tricking chicanery of a profeſſion, in its very nature diſgraceful to the country that tolerates it and the ſyſtem of laws that renders it neceſſary, in the abſurd proviſions of an unrepealed ſtatute, and the ignorance and ſtupidity in which the people of this country are deſignedly compelled to remain.

The reader acquainted with the Engliſh law, will remember a proviſion (wiſe enough, perhaps, at the barbarous period in which it originated, but now, by the improved condition of ſociety, become not only

only ridiculous, but productive of conſiderable miſchief) that in caſes of violent or ſudden death, the body ſhall not be removed from the ſpot where the accident has happened, till after the coroner's inqueſt ſhall have ſat. This regulation, ſince the inſtitution of the Humane Society, has been productive of many inconveniencies, and ſeveral lives have been ſuppoſed to be loſt by the litigious tenacity of country coroners, and the ſuperſtitious veneration of the people for ancient rules and uſages: ſo that the ſociety has even been obliged to put themſelves to the expence of taking advice of council, and propagating a ſort of legal fiction, that no man can die without permiſſion from the faculty: or, in other words, that no man is dead till medical men ſhall have pronounced him ſo. Prejudices, however, do not wear away all at once, eſpecially when there are perſons who have an intereſt in their perpetuity. This was the caſe in the preſent inſtance. The coroner (according to the abſurd uſage, which gives to this profeſſion

every ſituation that can enable it to diſſeminate its litigious poiſon, and increaſe its plunder) was an attorney. He, therefore, no ſooner heard of the accident that had happened to poor Belmour, and of the removal of the body to the inn, than he began to think in what manner he could make it productive of a ſuit, and realize the ſplendid viſions of fees, conſultations, and bills of coſts, that began to float in his imagination. He accordingly diſpatched one of his inquiſitorial myrmidons to the inn, (a blundering, brutiſh fellow) in hopes that he might either terrify the parties into a compromiſe with him in his capacity as coroner, or at leaſt by his ill behaviour provoke a riot, from which, as an attorney, he might reap advantage. The inqueſtman, accordingly, having received his leſſon, came blundering without ceremony into the room where we were ſitting, and ſcratching his head, inſtead of taking off his hat, began his embaſſy by aſking which was the lady that had taken the dead body away before the crowner's

inqueſt

inqueſt had ſat on it.—"If you mean to enquire for the perſon who cauſed the life of the poor gentleman above ſtairs to be ſaved," replied Miſs Willſon, "I am happy to ſay that I am ſhe."—"Why then I be to tell you," continued the man, "that you muſt have an action o'law brought againſt you."—"What, for ſaving a gentleman's life?" returned Miſs Willſon, with a ſmile.—"No matter o'that," replied he, "You muſt have an action o'law, for taking away the dead body before the crowner's inqueſt had ſat upon it, I tell you; aye, and you too, miſs, for all you laugh ſo," ſaid he, turning to Maria—"for I underſtand you was a complice."—"But he is not dead," ſaid Maria.—"What o'that?" replied he, "But he war dead when you caus'd him to be tooked away. Or if he war n't, that's no reaſon why you ſhould have had him brought to life again before crowner's inqueſt had ſat upon him."—Ambulator, who, from the moment that the clowniſh impertinence of this fellow had addreſſed itſelf towards Maria, ap-

peared to be ſomewhat more inclined to anger than the abſurdity of the circumſtance ſeemed to juſtify, no ſooner heard this ridiculous reply, than, jumping up, and calling the fellow a ſtupid ſcoundrel, ordered him immediately to quit the room. This, however, he, with much inſolence of language, refuſed; and Ambulator, who, in a double ſenſe of the word, might be ſaid to be in one of his tripping humours, ſeized him by the collar, puſhed him without ſide the door, and in the ſkuffle kicked up the fellows heels, to the no ſmall anxiety of the trembling Maria; who, ſome how or other, ſeemed moſt unaccountably intereſted in her champion's ſafety. This was one of the events which had entered into the calculation of the man of law. The whole inn was preſently in diſturbance; every mouth was open at once, and every tongue was loud; and, though of the throng that haſtened to the ſpot, not an individual was yet acquainted with the nature of the affair, every one had, in an inſtant, his prejudices and his faction,

faction, and was turbulent in behalf either of the proſtrate inqueſtman, or his young aſſailant. But now, in due time, to quell the diſcord, and regulate the chaos of the ſcene, uproſe, upon a table, an important-looking old gentleman, whoſe gold-laced waiſtcoat and mandatory tone, more than any reverence inſpired by his grey hairs, commanded the attention of his auditors. This was, in fact, no other than Pompoſo Mac Capias, Eſq. the coroner, himſelf; who having firſt adjuſted his frill, and rolled his indignant eye from ſide to ſide, with becoming importance, ſtretched forth his hand, and thus addreſſed the gaping auditors. "Out awa, ye ſet of ignorant paltroons, why d'ye make ſic a hubbub; and aw about ye dinna know what. If ye have any mickle contention, can ye not gang your gaits to my office, and I'll ſet ye aw right wi' mickle ſpeed. Di na ye ken, ye clowns, that 'tis na lawful for ye to kick up ſic a contention *againſt the peace of our Laird the King, and his Crown and Dignity.* If any have uſed ye ill, or gin ye

ye mickle bad words, why dinna ye come to my office, and I'll bring ye actions of treſpaſs on the caſe of aſſault and battery, or libellous deffamation, or what ye will. But gin ye make, aw of ye, ſic a mickle bubble, and hubbub, as I have the honour to be an attorney of his Majeſty's Courts o' King's Bench, and Common Pleas, and a ſolicitor i'the Court o' Chancery, and coroner of inqueſt to boot,—out awa, know clawns, by the mickle book, and eke by the dignity o' my profeſſional character, but I'll inſtitute a ſuit againſt the whole gang o' ye, for breach o' the King's peace. As for thilk matter, which ſome on you ha' done, gainſt the written or ſtatute law o' the land—For law, I would ha' ye to know, is either divine or human; which latter is divided into *Lex Natura*, or the Law of Nature, *Lex Nationes*, or the Law of Nations, and *Lex Municipialis*, or the Municipal Law; which laſt, gin ye underſtand, is ſubdivided into *Lex non Scripta*, or the Common, or unwritten Law, and *Lex Scripta*, or the written, Statute Law

of

of the Land. Now di'na ye underſtand, that gin ye act againſt either of theſe, ye do it at peril of pains and *præmunires*. Since then ye have done thilk mickle diſobedience againſt the *Lex Scripta*, or Statute Law of the Land, and againſt the mickle truſt and high office of the coroner, know ye not, that ye mun endure the penalties in ſuch caſe made and provided? ye who firſt inſtigated the offence, and aw the aiders and abetters thereof:—for di'na ye ken that acceſſories, alias aiders and abettors, alias aſſiſtants, alias helpers herein, are, in ſic caſes, bad as the original inſtigators thereof?"—

How far this oration might have extended, it is not eaſy to imagine; if a young ſtudent of the temple, who was one of the party we had joined, as formerly mentioned, had not ſtepped forward, and cut the blotter of parchment ſhort, by teaching him that, among other laws, there was ſuch an one as the *Lex Taliones*, or the law of Retaliation; which, in the honeſt

ardour of youth, for the reputation of the profeſſion he had attached himſelf to, he adminiſtered in the following manner.

"I perceive, ſir," ſaid he, "that you are one of thoſe who diſgrace the profeſſion into which you have been, ſo unmeritedly, admitted. One who ſow contention for the ſake of the harveſt of fees and coſts, and ſpread confuſion that you may collect the plunder of legal injuſtice. One of thoſe who, conſidering your profeſſion not as the inſtrument of awarding juſtice, but as the means of enriching yourſelf, miſ-interpret the laws, either becauſe you have not underſtanding to comprehend them, or becauſe you wiſh to enjoy the plunder of deluded folly, and revel in the profits of unneceſſary litigation. The latter I ſhould ſuppoſe muſt at preſent be the caſe; becauſe even well-meaning ſtupidity would draw a veil of obſcurity over what it conceived to be the law, if (as in the preſent inſtance) it was the friend of Oppreſſion, or the foe of Benevolence and Humanity.

But

But I will expoſe you before theſe very neighbours, to whom, it ſeems, you are both a plunderer and a bugbear. In the point now in contemplation you are evidently ignorant of the intention of the law; which was to prevent or detect Murder, and not to impede the preſervation of life. The body can never be deemed dead which medical ſkill ſhall attempt to recover: for how ſhall Ignorance preſume to pronounce that life to be extinguiſhed, of which profeſſional ability ſhall ſay, LATEAT SCINTILLULA FORSAN.

"In the courſe of my legal ſtudies, I have read, that *Law is the perfection of Reaſon.* But in the hands of ſuch interpreters as you, it may well appear to be the perfection of folly. I may add, that Britiſh Law is the mildeſt inſtrument of human Juſtice.—I wiſh there were none of its officers, like you, perpetually deviſing how they may abuſe it: it would never then be miſtaken by oppreſſed and

harraſſed Innocence, as a cruel ſcourge in the hand of cunning violence."

This ſpeech (though every one, who is at all acquainted with our laws, will ſee how little this cant of the law-books is ſupported by our ſtatutes and inſtitutions) produced the much deſired effect. The northern peculator ſneaked off, like one of his clients who had ſpent his whole eſtate, and loſt his ſuit into the bargain.

This affair being thus ſettled to the ſatisfaction of all but the coroner and his inqueſtman, we all departed to our reſpective apartments; but not till Ambulator and myſelf had firſt obtained permiſſion to wait upon the ladies again in the morning, and enquire into the ſtate of their health, after ſuch a ſucceſſion of flurries and alarms.

THE

THE WANDERER.—PHANTOMS OF IMAGINATION.

THERE are certain indications which ſpeak for themſelves, and require no comment.—I could not but obſerve, that Ambulator was particularly inquiſitive with the chambermaid about the direction of the window of Maria's room; I was not, therefore, much ſurpriſed when, going early in the morning to call him up, and propoſe a viſit to the chamber of poor Belmour, I found he was already riſen, and walking in the garden, under the very window which he had cauſed to be ſo particularly deſcribed. It were a pity, ſaid I, ſmiling at his folded arms and muſing pace, to interrupt thy pleaſing meditations.—Baſk, baſk thyſelf in the firſt cheerful beams of dawning affection—enjoy the vernal breeze of youthful tenderneſs.—

Poſſeſſion has, perhaps, a day of leſs interrupted ardour in ſtore for thee, and Philoſophy may gild thy autumnal ſhade with the nobler fruits of wiſdom; but never—never ſhall ſenſations of ſo much gaiety—ſuch ſweet diverſity of hopes and expectations reviſit the changeful period of thy life, as thoſe which thou art now, perhaps, enjoying. With this reflection, I left him undiſturbed, and, together with Wentworth and Julian, went immediately to enquire after the health of my unhappy friend.

We found him in a manner perfectly recovered; and informed, by his nurſe, I ſuppoſe, of all the circumſtances by which his raſh deſign had been ſo fortunately fruſtrated. It was ſome time, however, before I could be perſuaded that he had the proper uſe of his ſenſes, from his ſo conſtantly reverting to a conviction which he ſeemed to entertain, that, notwithſtanding the favourable appearances which gave me ſuch confidence of his doing well, the

danger

danger was not yet paſſed, but that, on the contrary, the hour of his diſſolution was at hand: nor was my ſuſpicion weakened by the illuſion upon which he reſted his opinion.—"Alas! my friend," ſaid he, endeavouring to enforce my belief by the earneſtneſs of his aſſeveration, "you know that ſuperſtition was never one of the predominate vices of my character, nor was I, even in my infancy, to be readily deluded by the tricks of imagination; but, if I live, I ſaw it with my eyes. The lovely ſhade of my Sophia! my charming, my abuſed Miſs Sedley ſtood before me at that very door:—pale—pale, indeed—robbed of all the bloom of life, all the warmth of animation. The pure blood mantled no longer in her cheek. The roſe was gone; but the lily ſtill remained: the ſoft expreſſions of the countenance were ſtill the ſame. My nurſe left me but a moment to myſelf; and the kind ſhadow ſeized upon that moment to glance with kind compaſſion on my death bed, and warn me to a better region. You diſbelieve, my friend! or appear to

diſbelieve

diſbelieve me. But, as I live, 'tis true. Every ſenſe could not be at once deceived; and I did not only ſee, I alſo heard her. The voice was hollow, it is true, and mournful, unlike the cheerful notes to which I ſo often liſtened in my happier days; but ſtill it was the voice of my Sophia. *Belmour!* ſhe ſighed, *Oh Belmour! Belmour!*—I ſtarted: but ſhe inſtantly vaniſhed."

The circumſtantial nature of this account ſtaggered us not a little; and we began to hope, that he was not entirely miſtaken, but that ſome kind deſtiny might have brought, each unknown to the other, the lover, the long-loſt miſtreſs, and the generous uncle to the ſame ſpot together, to terminate the ſorrows of all, and reſtore them to tranquillity and joy. That part, however, of this ſuggeſtion, which I thought proper to reveal, Belmour had already entertained, but had found upon enquiry that it was baſeleſs: for that the only female gueſts in the houſe were Miſs Willſon and

the

the beautiful Maria. Our only resource, therefore, was to divert his imagination, and endeavour to obliterate the impression. This, however, we endeavoured in vain. He cherished, with fondness, an imagination which seemed to promise a reunion in another region; and, assured that the stroke of death could not be long delayed, he insisted on being conducted to the presence of the two kind females by whose means it had been respited, that he might discharge the debt of gratitude before he died, and thank them for their unavailing kindness. With this, weak as he was, his earnestness made it necessary to comply; and it was with difficulty we persuaded him to endeavour to compose himself for an hour or two, at the expiration of which we promised to introduce him.

THE

THE WANDERER.—AN INTERESTING INTERVIEW.

HAVING thus done what was in our power to quiet the mind of poor Belmour, we went, as ſoon as breakfaſt was over, to the parlour where we expected to meet with the two young ladies, that we might prepare them for the intended interview. Ambulator was there before us; and (not much, if we might gueſs by appearances, to his diſſatisfaction, or that of his fair companion) Miſs Willſon was not yet of the party. A ſlight indiſpoſition, joined with her love of lonely meditation, confined her to her room; and I am afraid that Ambulator, at leaſt, with all his benevolence, did not very anxiouſly wiſh for her releaſe.

I could not blame him much for his ſudden attachment. There were certainly charms

charms and attractions in Maria that might have faſcinated a leſs ſuſceptible heart: nor could the philoſopher, Julian himſelf, withhold his admiration from the graces of her fine commanding form, the wit and vivacity of her converſation, and the frank and noble ſimplicity of her manners. But the pleaſing tenor of our diſcourſe ſoon gave way to a ſcene of deeper intereſt: for ſcarcely had we delivered our meſſage from poor Belmour, when a knocking was heard at the door, and he entered, unexpectedly, into the apartment.

He approached with a feeble pace.—His eyes ſtill appeared heavy and ſunk. His whole frame bore the marks of debility—and in his countenance were the ſtronger traces of mental dejection.—Maria, obeying the dictates of her feelings, roſe to meet him; and helped him forward with her arm, as though his ſorrows had entitled him to a brother's privilege; while Ambulator, with feeling officiouſ-

neſs,

neſs, brought him a chair; on which he aſſiſted her to place him.

"I am come, madam," ſaid Belmour, in a feeble melancholy tone, "to return the thanks of a dying man to that goodneſs which would have ſaved—but which has been exerted in vain. Alas! when I ſhall moulder in the earth, the tainted gale of cenſure ſhall often be breathed over the turf which covers my unfortunate duſt; but let me, by this teſtimony of my gratitude, leave behind me the remembrance of one diſpoſition, upon which generous ſpirits, like your own, may dwell without one reproachful recollection."

The voice of Maria was ſuppreſſed with ſorrow; and ſhe could only ſpeak her compaſſion by her tears. Ambulator ſympathized, as may be ſuppoſed, in all her feelings; and Wentworth was converted to a child. In ſhort, of all the party, Julian alone was ſufficiently maſter of himſelf to endeavour to conſole him.

"Have

"Have better hopes, ſir," ſaid he, "great weakneſs is the natural conſequence of the operation you have undergone. You may yet do well. The danger appears to me to be paſt."—"No, no, ſir," replied he, "I am conſcious that I am reſpited—not reprieved: the ſhaft of anguiſh is fixed in my heart, and Death alone has the ſkill to extract it. Sophia! my dear Sophia!—for by that name of early endearment I ſtill will call thee, *though* even of the remembrance of thoſe endearments *I am* now unworthy!—Oh, my Sophia! thou art, alas! no more!"

He pauſed in ſilent agony; while we, ſunk in melancholy expectation, diſturbed not the ſacred ſilence of grief. At length, turning to Maria, he continued in the following manner.

"Permit me, madam," ſaid he, "to employ a part of that time which I muſt conſider as your gift, in pouring forth the prayers of gratitude. But, alas! that gratitude

gratitude muſt be tranſient and unavailing —for there is ſomething here [*laying his hand upon his heart*] more infallible than all the ſymptoms which technical ſkill can diſcover, which aſſures me I ſhall not ſurvive. The fatal warning has paſt before theſe eyes, and this beating heart is conſcious of the call.—Let it not paſs for delirium, or be condemned as ſuperſtition, when I declare that theſe eyes have beheld the wandering ſpirit of her whom I have injured, and whom, even in death, I love. Oh! 'twas no fancy! Her ſhape, her air, her features, the ſweet expreſſions of her countenance: all! all! were conſpicuous: juſt ſuch as, ere our cruel deſtinies divided us, ſhe had uſed to ſhine before me: the fond delight of my enamoured ſoul! The ſtrong reſemblance ſhone in every part, only that continued grief ſeemed to have eaten away the bloſſom of health and gaiety, which uſed to damaſk her cheek, and to have given ſomething of melancholy dignity to that gait, which formerly

was

was more diſtinguiſhed by ſprightlineſs and ſimplicity."

"Good Heaven!" exclaims Maria, whom the deſcription, and the circumſtances, taken all together, ſtruck very forcibly—"when—when was this?—Perhaps it was no phantom."

"So I once had hopes," replied Belmour, "but thoſe hopes have proved fallacious. Oh! 'twas her injur'd ſpirit, ſent to warn me away: to call me to ſome happier region, and cheer me with the proſpect of our future union." Maria could not, however, reſign the ſuſpicion, that Miſs Willſon was the perſon he had ſeen, till the ejaculated names of Sedley and Sophia blighted all her hopes, and reſigned her to diſappointment and regret.

Belmour now remained, for ſome time, in ſilence; which the whole groop, ſympathizing with his feelings, ſuffered to continue

continue uninterrupted; till, desirous of diverting his attention from the phantom by which it was haunted, I ventured at last to address him. "For heaven's sake, Mr. Belmour," said I—"Belmour!" interrupts Maria, eagerly, her countenance brightening again. "Belmour! it is very strange. Pray, sir——" But a voice on the stairs again alarmed him. He started suddenly up, and seizing Maria by the hand, "Hark!—hark!" exclaimed he, wildly—"I hear the voice again.—Hark! —This is no delusion. I come,—dear spirit!—Injur'd shade, I come!" The door suddenly opened, as he was speaking, and Miss Willson immediately entered.

"'Tis she!—'tis she!"—ejaculated Belmour. "The messenger is come.—Dear Sophia, I obey; and we shall part no more."—"My Henry!" exclaimed Miss Willson, darting forward with open arms. —But he fell lifeless at her feet. She shriek'd aloud, and sunk motionless on the bosom of Maria. The venerable uncle, alarmed

alarmed at the noiſe, haſtened among others to the ſpot. But what was his affliction at the ſcene before him, when enquiry had informed him of all the circumſtances? What muſt be the feelings of his generous heart to find at laſt, thus unexpectedly, his long loſt child, and find her apparently in the arms of death.

THE CONCLUSION.

THE poor old man teſtified the bitterneſs of his affliction in broken and incoherent ſentences, and ejaculations of impatience at that fate which, in the midſt of difficulties and dangers, had only preſerved him to ſhew the vanity of that affluence with which he had wiſhed to reward the faithful tenderneſs of a couple, whoſe common tomb it could now only enable him to adorn.—He was, however, miſtaken;

miſtaken; brighter proſpects were preparing to open before him; and the completion of his wiſhes was at hand. The lovers awakened from their trance; and beheld, with aſtoniſhment, the realization of that viſion which had before only appeared to ſwim before their diſordered imaginations.

They ruſhed into each others arms with mutual expreſſions of tranſport and affection; and, engroſſed entirely by the unexpected delight of their almoſt miraculous meeting, it was long before they obſerved, or even had time to obſerve, the extravagant raptures of the delighted uncle, who was dancing and ſkipping about the room with all the antic geſtures natural to the ſtrong paſſions of thoſe, whom refinement has not yet inſtructed to reſtrain or to diſguiſe their feelings. At length, however, the oft-repeated ejaculation of *my children! my children! yes, they ſhall be happy!* rouſed them from the kind of lethargic tranſport, if I may ſo expreſs myſelf,

myſelf, into which their faculties, ſtunned by ſo ſudden a revolution in their fate, had thrown them. The forms and features of the young couple had been ſo altered by the revolution of time and circumſtances, that enquiry had been neceſſary when he encountered firſt the apparent corpſe of Belmour, and afterwards his fainting niece, to confirm his ſuſpicions of the intereſt he had in their ſituations; but with him the ſeaſon of rapid alteration had for years been paſt; and, except a little darkneſs of complexion, and the leſſened quantity of his ſilver hairs, the inevitable marks of age and climate, he exhibited before them the exact reſemblance of that image which, during years of abſence, had been occaſionally preſenting itſelf to their remembrance. A new ſcene of embraces and endearments now fixed the attention of the ſpectators; new congratulations of pleaſure, and new exclamations of ſurprize; till, alarmed for the exhauſted ſtrength of Belmour, (from whom, till this ſudden interview, we had

been careful to conceal the circumſtance of the old gentleman being in the houſe) we perſuaded him, with ſome difficulty, to relinquiſh for awhile a ſociety ſo trying to his feelings, and retire again to the bed he had been in ſuch a hurry to reſign.

Here, while we leave him to the enjoyment of that repoſe, which it was thought proper, by the aſſiſtance of art, to ſecure, it will be neceſſary to clear up ſome circumſtances of myſtery, which the reader may ſtill complain of as hanging upon the developement of the cataſtrophe of my tale. In ſhort, then Miſs Sedley, whoſe ſeduction (if ſo we may call the unpremeditated advantage which the paſſion, rather than the treachery of her lover, had ſeized, in the unguarded moments of the laſt interview before their ſudden ſeparation) was the only part of his ſtory which Belmour had diſguiſed; finding herſelf deſerted by her lover, whoſe letters, even that which he left at his departure, had been regularly intercepted, fell into a ſtate

of

of deſpondency, which had preyed upon her health, and which, heightened by enſuing diſaſters, and the death of her dear-loved father, had made her determine to fly from the intercourſe of the world: a plan with which the wounded pride of her aged mother had readily complied. They, therefore, ſold up the little wrecks of their fortune, and retired privately into one of the moſt lonely ſituations in Lincolnſhire; where, having aſſumed the name of Willſon, they effectually eſcaped the ſearch of the few inquiſitive friends which their misfortunes had left them. When the additional calamity of her mother's death was accumulated to her other misfortunes, the reaſon of poor *Eliza* (which was her real name) became almoſt entirely overthrown. She changed again the place of her reſidence; taking to herſelf a room in a ſtill more lonely ſituation, with a little garden, at whoſe private door ſhe had uſed to ſteal in and out, juſt as her rambling fancy might ſuggeſt. From hence ſhe would pay an occaſional viſit to a few

melancholy ſpots, and particularly to the tomb-ſtone of her departed mother; and, after indulging her viſionary contemplations, would ſteal back again to the lonely privacy of her humble bower; would amuſe herſelf with her needle; ſing a melancholy ſong; or peruſe a melancholy tale, and repeat the tender paſſages of ſome affecting poem.

But the ſecrecy of her benevolent hoſteſs at laſt gave way to the better principle of deſiring to afford her conſolation; and ſhe not only gratified the curioſity of the amiable Maria (a young lady of ſome fortune, and conſiderable accompliſhments, who was not too proud to viſit and aſſiſt her poor relations) by telling her all ſhe knew of her myſterious lodger; but alſo, in violation of her promiſe, contrived to introduce her into the little garden, at a time when it was moſt likely ſhe ſhould have an opportunity of meeting with the lovely little viſionary.

The

The plan ſucceeded beyond expectation. Fear and ſurprize, it is true, were firſt excited in the boſom of the recluſe. But the winning manners and affectionate caution of Maria, ſubdued the reſerve of a boſom, where the ungracious feelings of anger and reſentment had long been ſtrangers; and the ſofter affections, which only wanted an object to rouſe them again into action, diſplayed themſelves firſt in tears, and afterwards in a *glow*, and in the *confidence* of gratitude for the ſympathy which had ſo kindly been diſplayed in the intruſion. In ſhort, though there are ſtates of mind in which the burthen of ſociety may appear intolerable; yet this, like the other antipathies to which, for want of proper fortitude, we are ſubjected, is no other than a deluſion of the imagination; and when accident forces upon us the experiment, which we have not reſolution voluntarily to try, we are generally ſurprized at the impoſition to which we have ſo blindly bowed. This was the caſe with the recluſe; and ſo irreſiſtably was ſhe attracted

tracted by the kind diſpoſition and affectionate deportment of her new companion, that to have relinquiſhed the pleaſure of ſeeing and converſing with her every day, ſoon became the difficulty that, to all appearance, would have been the moſt diſtreſſing.—She told her all the ſtory of her ſorrows: except the circumſtance of her altered name: which, ſome how or other, either from deſign or accident, had been ſtill concealed, and which deferred, as we have ſeen, for a few minutes, the diſcovery juſt related.

There are certain degrees of ſorrow and misfortune which, in a benevolent mind, have a ſtrong tendency to beget affection. Such was the caſe in the preſent inſtance. Maria could no more endure the idea of leaving the fair recluſe in her retirement, than Eliza could reconcile herſelf to the loſs of Maria's ſociety. She was perſuaded, therefore, to quit her little garden, her bower of honeyſuckles, and her hive of bees, which had ſo long been her only companions,

companions, and to try, in company with her ſympathizing friend, what charms there yet were in the buſier world to heal the ſorrows of a heart which, though often wounded, did not yet appear to be bruiſed beyond the power of Friendſhip's balm to heal. Maria, however, was not of opinion that a ſudden tranſition to the noiſe and impertinence of the metropolis, was the proper application to the melancholy mind of her patient; and ſhe reſolved, therefore, to try the gentler expedient of rouſing her ſpirits by the gaiety, the variety, and the adventures of a few weeks ramble about the country: a plan which, having provided themſelves with a faithful old ſervant for their protector, they immediately put into execution.

The reader is by this time, I ſuppoſe, ſufficiently aware that it was not the ghoſt, but the real perſon of his Sophia, that had ſtood before the door of Belmour, and articulated his name. The fact is, that though the cheerfulneſs of Miſs Sedley

was, in ſome degree, reſtored, the image of her Henry was by no means obliterated from her memory; and the recollection of his image and endearing manners, which were conſtantly recurring, was generally accompanied by a ſigh, and a fond ejaculation of his name. It is not ſurprizing, therefore, when we conſider how apt the melancholy imagination is to range through all the regions of probable conjecture, and ſuggeſt a thouſand fanciful cataſtrophies of ſorrow and diſaſter, concerning any beloved or lamented object, about whoſe fate we are anxious or uncertain—It is not, I ſay, at all ſurprizing, that, paſſing to her own room, by the door which the nurſe of Belmour had left open, ſhe ſhould glance, for a moment, towards the bed of the intended ſuicide; ſhould ſuggeſt to herſelf the poſſibility that ſuch might have been the fate of her long-loſt lover; and ſhould ſigh forth his name at the idea. Belmour, as has been ſaid, ſtarted immediately at the ſound; and his affrighted Sophia fled, with too much confuſion

fuſion and precipitancy, to recognize the features that glared upon her.

The ſhock of the diſcovery was, therefore, perfectly unexpected; and her tender nerves felt all the conſequences of ſuch an alarming ruſh of pleaſure and ſurprize. The ſituation, however, of her Belmour forbad the repoſe ſhe ſeemed to ſtand in need of. She was prevailed upon, indeed, to leave him to himſelf till he was aſleep, leſt her preſence might keep his mind ſo active as to baffle the attempts of art to procure repoſe. But ſhe was no ſooner informed that he was compoſed to ſlumber, than ſhe flew immediately to his bed ſide; watched him, like a guardian angel, with inceſſant anxiety for ſeveral hours; noticed every change of his countenance and poſition, as though his life had depended on the minuteſt circumſtances that might ruffle or compoſe him; and was careful to be ready with her enquiries, at the firſt moment he ſhould uncloſe his eyes, to know

know the effects of his repoſe, and cheer him with her kindeſt accents.

But I will not detain the reader with a further detail of circumſtances, which, *if he has a heart*, will ſuggeſt themſelves without recital, and which, *if he has not*, he will not underſtand. Suffice it to ſay, that the health of Belmour, and the cheerfulneſs of his Sophia, were rapidly reſtored; that the uncle was delighted; and Ambulator and Maria were happy; and that the bells rung merrily for a double wedding before we departed from St. Albans.

6 NO 63

THE EPITHALAMIUM.

Sportive Lyre, whoſe artleſs ſtrings,
Bruſh'd by young Affection's wings,
(Nymphs and ruſtics liſt'ning round)
Whiſper'd ſweet the varied ſound—
Sounds which only aim'd to borrow
Pathos from the youthful heart,—
Thrills of Hope, and Sighs of Sorrow—
Fleeting joy, and tranſient ſmart!—
Sportive Lyre! ah, once again—
Once again, and then no more—
Let me wake the youthful ſtrain,
And thy playful ſtrings explore.

Once

Once again—and then, adieu!—
Bolder heights my ſoul ſhall try;
Bolder objects riſe in view—
TRUTH and godlike LIBERTY!
To theſe my eye enamour'd turns:
For theſe my ardent boſom burns:
Let theſe alone my thoughts employ—
TRUTH and godlike LIBERTY!
Rous'd by theſe, my glowing ſoul
Pants a nobler wreath to gain;—
Pants for GLORY's *patriot* goal,
Where the *daring* Virtues reign!
Pants to hear the graver Muſe
Wake the loud enthuſiaſt ſhell
Whoſe notes heroic pride infuſe
And bid the ſoul with ardour ſwell;—
Noble Ardour!—virtuous Zeal!
Parent of each generous deed;
Guardian of the PUBLIC WEAL,
For which the valiant joy to bleed.
Thoughts like theſe, from hence, alone,
Shall this glowing boſom own:—
Thoughts that lift the ſoul on high
To make its own Eternity,
And with Meonian rapture ſwell
The notes of Fame's immortal ſhell.

Meanwhile, Iö Hymen! thy triumphs I join,—
My Fancy awhile to thy ardours reſign:
Thoſe ardours which oft, when anxiety reigns,
When the nerves wildly throb, or when languid the veins,
By Stella awakened, pour balm thro' my ſoul,
Lull to ſleep every pang, and each ſorrow controul,
And, chacing each paſſion that peace would deſtroy,
Reſtore me to harmony, ſoftneſs, and joy;—

Thoſe

Thoſe ardours by Nature indulgently given
To realize all that is look'd for in heaven,—
To unite us in bonds of affection and peace,
And bid the rude ſtruggles of ſelfiſhneſs ceaſe,
Till, heart link'd to heart, all the univerſe ſmile,
And Social Affection each ſorrow beguile,
While Sympathy's touch ſhall the union ſuſta'n,
And vibrate alike thro' each link of the chain.
Yes ſuch, if by Nature conducted, and join'd
Not by Intereſt and Pride, but the tie of the mind,
Sex blended with ſex from affection alone,
And Simplicity made every boſom its throne—
Such, ſuch are the bleſſings from Hymen would flow,
And this *wilderneſs* turn to an *Eden* below:—
An *Eden of Mind* where each virtue ſhould blow.

Then, Iö! thou Hymen that reign'ſt o'er the few
Who boldly the dictates of Nature purſue!
Bleſt power! who alone to the virtuous art known
Whoſe boſoms the charm of Simplicity own,
While a *ſordid Impoſtor*, uſurping thy name,
Of throngs of proud votaries the homage can claim—
The creatures of Faſhion, of Avarice the ſlaves,
Whom Vanity leads, and each folly depraves.
But ſee, what kind omens bright dawning appear,
The *patriot boſom of Virtue* to cheer!—
Simplicity comes, by fair Liberty led,
And Hymen—pure Hymen ſhall lift up his head.
Each Social Affection once more ſhall return,
And the altar of Truth with pure incenſe ſhall burn,
While Love, like the Phœnix, ſhall riſe from the flame,
His laws ſhall reſtore, and his ſaboth proclaim;
And, wide thro' the Heaven's his broad pinions unfurl'd,
Shall ſhake his bright plumes, and ſhed peace o'er the world.

6 NO 63

FINIS.